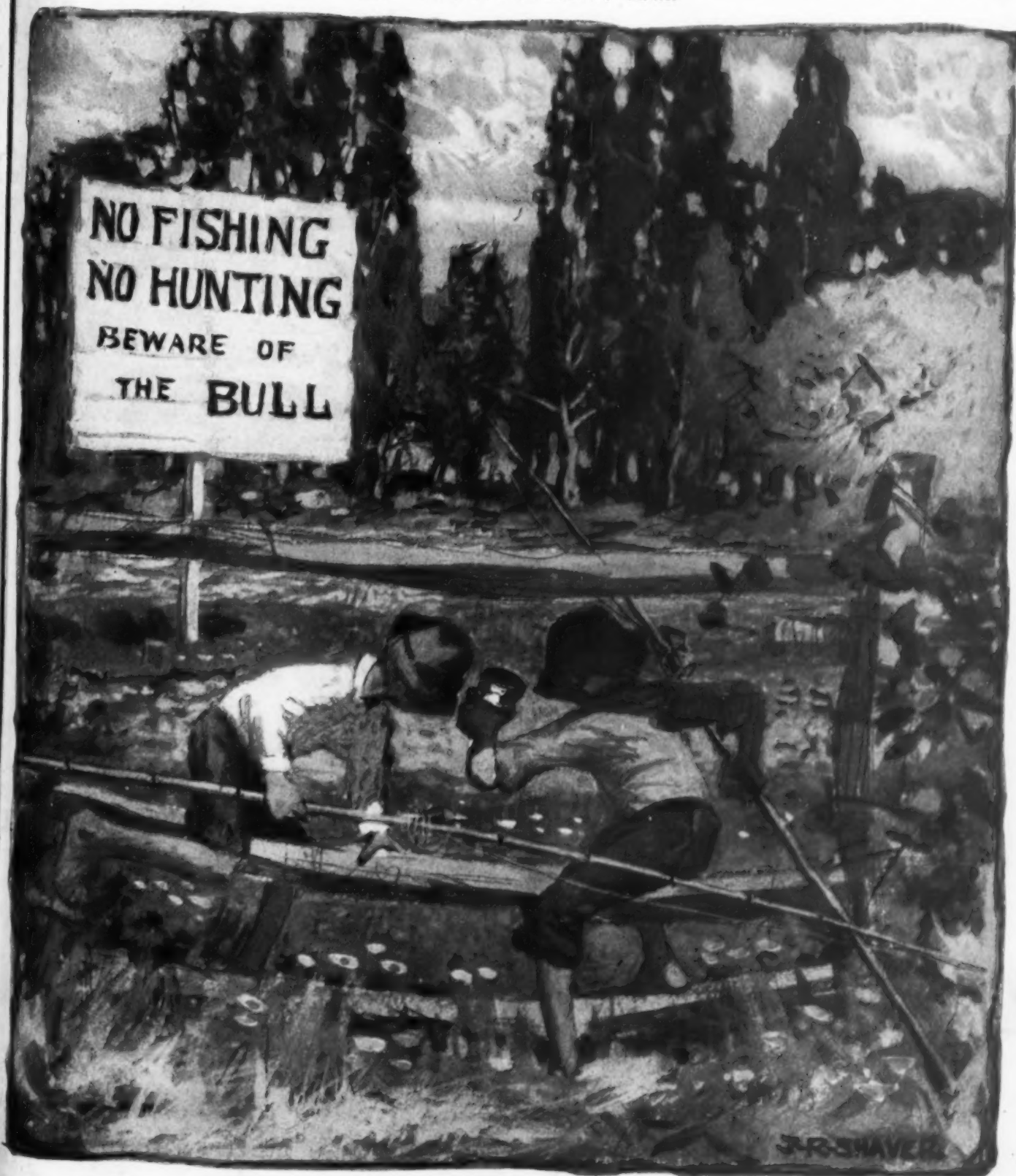


*Sporting  
Number*

# Life

Vol. 76. Copyright, 1920, Life Publishing Company No. 1981

Price 15 Cents  
October 21, 1920



*A Sporting Chance*

# MICHELIN

## UNIVERSAL CORD



Throughout the twenty-five years that have elapsed since Michelin introduced the world's first pneumatic automobile tire in 1895, Michelin's claims for its products have always been marked for their conservatism.

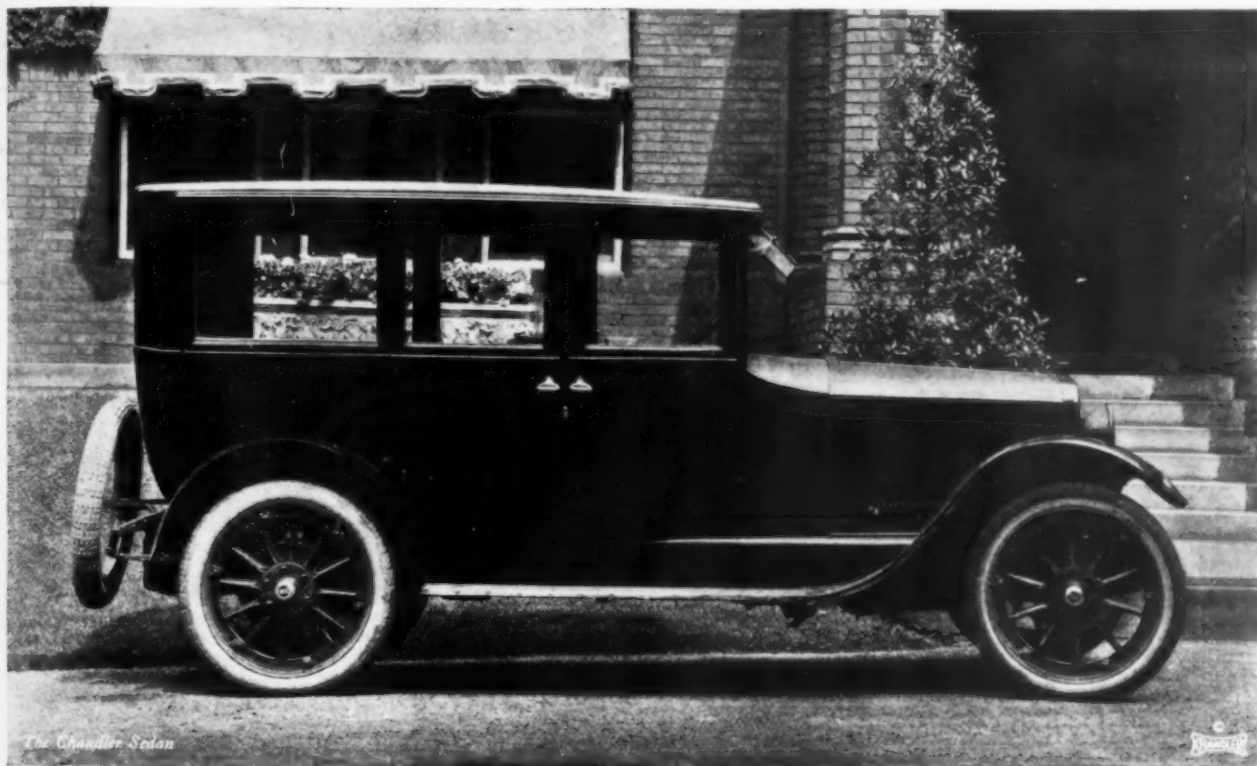
Hence when Michelin says that the sturdy, over-size Michelin Universal Cord establishes a new standard for supreme durability and freedom from skidding, you may accept the statement with full confidence as to its accuracy.

**MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY, MILLTOWN, NEW JERSEY**

*Other factories: Clermont-Ferrand, France; London, England; Turin, Italy—Dealers in all parts of the world.*

# CHANDLER SIX

*Famous For Its Marvelous Motor*



The Chandler Sedan



Interior of the Chandler  
Seven-Passenger Sedan

## *The Highest Degree of Comfort with Mechanical Excellence*

THE Chandler Sedan appeals to discriminating persons seeking the most comfortable form of transportation for their daily requirements in any season and any weather, coupled with assured mechanical excellence. It is a first preferred car among such buyers.

Substantial and durable in its splendid construction, handsome in design, lustrous in its deep finish and attractively upholstered, it seats five persons in real comfort, or seven when the well-cushioned auxiliary chairs are in use. The furnishing of the interior is of highest quality.

Mounted on the one standard Chandler chassis, famous and favored for its marvelous motor, the Chandler Sedan offers exceptional value.

See the Chandler Sedan Before You Choose Any Other

### SIX SPLENDID BODY TYPES

Seven-Passenger Touring Car, \$1895

Four-Passenger Roadster, \$1895

Four-Passenger Dispatch Car, \$1975

Seven-Passenger Sedan, \$2995

Four-Passenger Coupe, \$2895

Limousine, \$3375

(All prices f. o. b. Cleveland, Ohio)

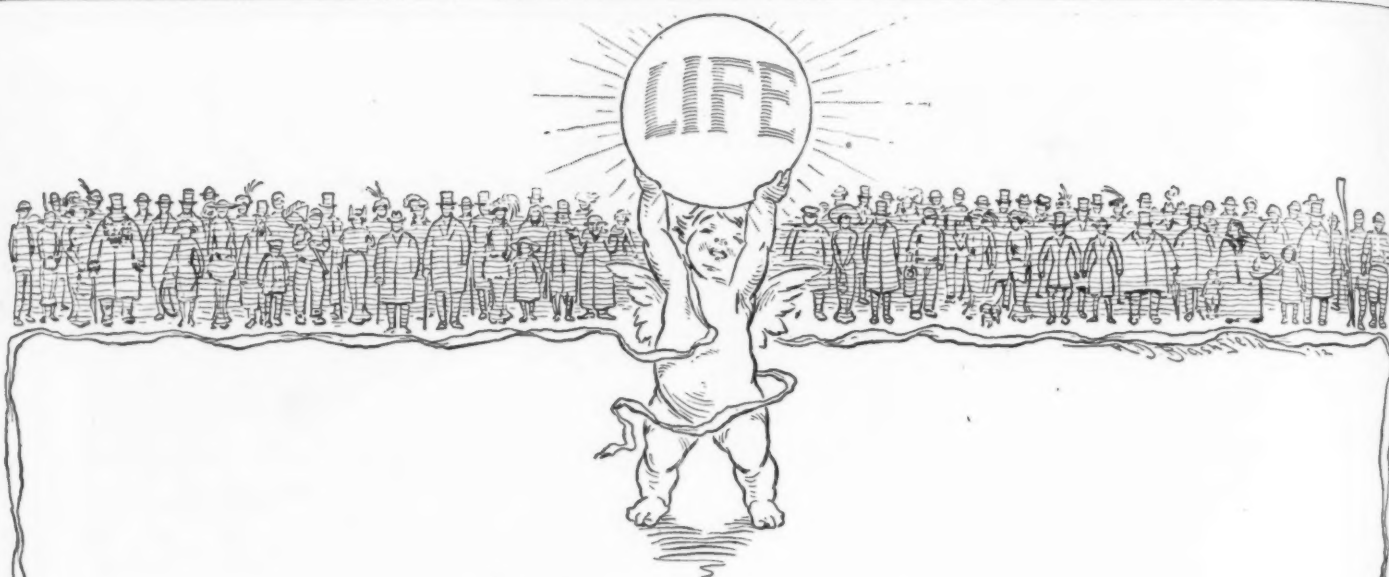
There are Chandler dealers in more than a thousand towns and cities

# THE CHANDLER MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Export Department: 5 Columbus Circle, New York CLEVELAND, OHIO

Cable Address: "CHANMOTOR"





### *Don't Read This Page Any More*

WE have decided, after much deliberation, to ask you not to read this page any more. The fact is that the difficulty in trying to make everybody understand that this is not an advertising page, is too great. But the matter is largely one of conscience, and for this reason we feel that we ought to make some attempt to make ourselves clear.

The superficial mind, seeing that we occasionally ask people to subscribe, and that we permit the Business Office to run the coupon which appears in the corner, assumes that we are trying to inveigle a lot of people into sending in their good money. And a lot of people do. We cannot help this. It appears to be unavoidable.

But we despair in trying to make it clear that our only object in writing this page at all is because we have an idea. Or perhaps we should say a theme. This theme is LIFE, a paper very dear to us personally. It is one of the members of our family. It gets off the key at times and—frankly—bores us. Sometimes it is obstreperous, and has tantrums. But its intentions are so admirable, and its soul is so worth saving, that we have come to love it. When we write about it, therefore, we feel towards it very much like a fairly nice child that is upstairs when company comes, and that we ought not to drag down and exhibit too much, or dilate too much upon its handsome qualities. When we do this, we do it only to our close friends—friends of the family.

Now the new people, who don't know us, must get the idea that we are trying to advertise this paper. It is probably our fault that they feel that way. That is why we ask you to stop reading us—unless, of course, you understand.

There are a few who do understand. Bless them; when we say, "Obey that impulse," they know what we mean. But suppose this is the first copy of LIFE that you have ever seen—if you can imagine such a thing. Suppose you take advantage of our apparently vulgar and purely commercial invitation, and do send in a dollar or so just for luck. Don't you see that we have misled you? Not about taking the paper, but about our intentions?

So don't read this page any more, if you think it is an advertising page. It is a LIFE page. And, as this is the last time you may read it, we warn you right now that the next number is pretty poor. We have just been over it in advance, and we wouldn't give it house room. It ought to be spanked and put to bed.

### *Special Offer*

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40). Send LIFE for three months (twelve issues) to



150

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.50; Foreign, \$6.00)







# RUUD HOT WATER

Homes with a Ruud know no hot-water limitations. Hot water a-plenty is always on tap, morning, noon, or night, from any hot-water faucet in the house—bathroom, kitchen, or laundry.

There is nothing to watch,

nothing to fix, and nothing to wait for—the Ruud goes in the basement or other convenient place. Its service is instantaneous and continuous, and there is no waste, because the Ruud heats only the water you use.

## RUUD AUTOMATIC GAS WATER HEATER

*"Hot Water All Over the House"*

Ruud Hot Water speeds up wash-days, helps servants do their work and makes them more contented. Every member of the family enjoys the instant service of the Ruud.

Think what it means in home comfort to have water fresh from the mains heated instantly

as it flows through rust-proof copper coils. Surely your home needs this convenience.

Ask your gas company or your plumber or any gas-appliance dealer *today* about Ruud Hot Water. The Ruud is made in sizes to fit any home, no matter how small or how large.

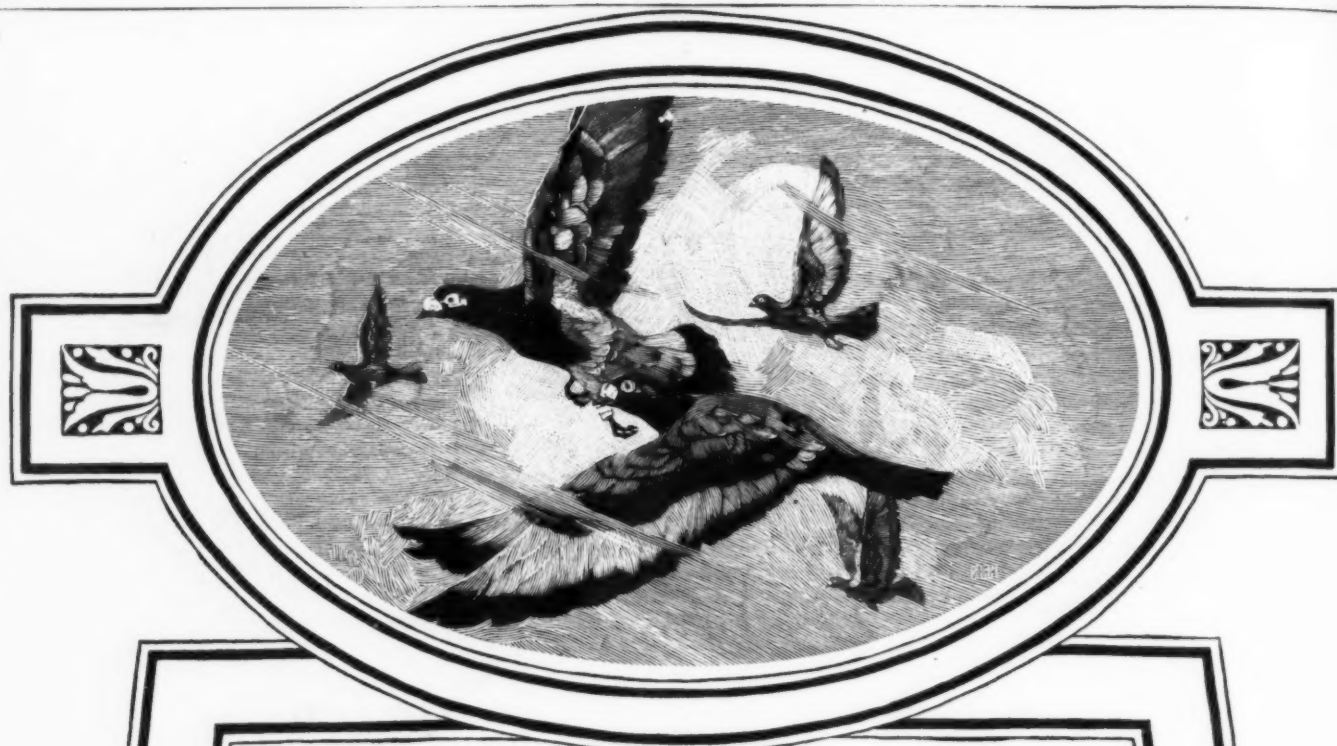
*Write for our book on Ruud Hot Water—it's Free*

**RUUD MANUFACTURING COMPANY**  
Dept. C Pittsburgh, Pa.

*Makers of Standardized Gas Water Heaters*

Ruud Manufacturing Co. of Canada: 371 Adelaide St. W., Toronto





*Forty thousand birds* would be needed to carry a day's grist of messages from the Mimeograph. Five thousand well-printed copies of a letter, bulletin, form, diagram, or design is its habitual hourly output. It is the quickest and most direct means of speeding the idea from its author to the many who should receive it. The work is easily and privately done at negligible cost—without dirt or fuss. This inexpensive device is making important short cuts and saving remarkable sums of money for unnumbered thousands of the world's most progressive institutions. Costs but little to install and operate. Let us show you how it will put wings to your ideas. A request will bring new booklet "W-10." A. B. Dick Company, Chicago—and New York.



# LIFE



## THE GUILTY ONES

"I WONDER WHAT YOUR MOTHER'D SAY IF SHE KNEW YOU WERE PLAYING HOOKEY."  
"SHE'LL NEVER KNOW, DAD, IF WE DON'T GIVE EACH OTHER AWAY."

## On Games

**M**OST every game, as I have found,  
Is just to make the ball go round;  
Whether it's thrown or hit or kicked,  
Whether the rules be lax or strict;  
If in the air or on the ground,  
The game's to make the ball go round.

The golfer, with his lordly skill,  
Around the links propels the pill.  
The pitcher, with great pride of nerve,  
Delivers a stupendous curve.

While foot or basket balls rebound  
As players make the ball go round.

In a roulette wheel quickly sped  
The ball goes round to black or red,  
And in croquet, of memory dear,  
When grass was green and skies were clear,  
Polite young people gaily found  
Pleasure in making balls go round.

Yet as we play in gleesome mirth  
Our pygmy games on this old earth,

How puerile the art we claim!  
We're pieces of the Greater Game.  
A Master Hand, with skill profound,  
Unerring, makes the ball go round.

And our ball's but a point in space  
Of the wide universe we trace.  
By the Great Champion are tossed  
Balls in a game that's never lost.  
Beyond imagination's bound  
Infinitudes of balls go round.

Carolyn Wells.





*Fisherwoman:* OH, ALICE, WE'VE GOT TO PUT ANOTHER WORM ON MY HOOK.

*Alice:* SOME OF THE GIRLS AREN'T HERE. DO YOU THINK FOUR OF US COULD DO IT?

## Price-Slashing

### *What You Read in the Papers*

THE wave of price-cutting which is sweeping over the country has hit the clothing trade. Investigations made by a reporter of the *Daily Digest* show that merchants all over the city have reduced prices on their stock of men's clothing from ten to forty per cent. during the last week.

"I do not know where it will stop," said Horace W. Bugleheimer, head of the Clothiers' Association, at his office, 1489 Ditweiler Building."

### *What Your Clothing Dealer Tells You*

"Price-cutting? Well, yes, in certain cheaper lines. It is bound to come, of course; but just at present, what with the new freight rates and the exorbitant demands of labor all over the country, our fall suits are a little more now than they were last year at this time. Now, here is something in a blue cheviot that I think you would like. I would advise your getting it now before the price goes up, as it is sure to do when the new express drivers' wage scale goes into effect."

### *What You Read in the Papers*

"A sudden drop in the price of haberdashery is predicted within the next twenty-four hours by the Department of Agriculture at Washington. A report made public to-day says that the wave of price-reduction which has been tearing across the country is due to reach New York late this evening, after which it will probably be possible to buy neckties for one-third of yesterday's price."

### *What Your Haberdasher Tells You*

"Yes, we have reduced prices in certain lines, but I hardly think that they are what you would want. They are all right,

of course, but you see for yourself that a tie made of linoleum won't stand the wear and tear that one of these scarfs over here, for instance, will. Now these, of course, are a little more now than they were last week, but you must take into consideration the new freight rates and the exorbitant demands of labor all over the country, and add that on to the price. And at that, do you know what our profit on one scarf like that is? Just eight mills! Yes, sir, eight mills profit on each nine-dollar scarf. How many, please?"

### *What You Read in the Papers*

"Food prices have begun to drop, and the end is not yet in sight. An investigation made of the market prices of staple commodities shows that relief from the high cost of living is really on the way. The following table of reductions in price in foodstuffs is significant:

Commodity	Per Cent. Reduction
Lentils .....	59
Swiss chard .....	47
Goat's milk .....	67
Kidney beans .....	49
Bamboo sprouts .....	32
Paprika .....	24

### *What Your Grocer Tells You*

"Oh, yes. Prices have gone down in a great many lines. Parsley, for instance, and rock candy. You don't use parsley or rock candy? That's too bad. Our lentils are much cheaper now than they were last week. No lentils? How about bamboo sprouts? No? Well, that's too bad. . . . Butter? No, I'm sorry to say that I have to ask a little more for my creamery butter to-day. The new freight rates, you know. Oranges? No, there hasn't been much fluctuation there. The orange-pickers just got an increase in pay, you know. Bread? Well, no, they haven't come down on the bread yet. . . . Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That's right!"

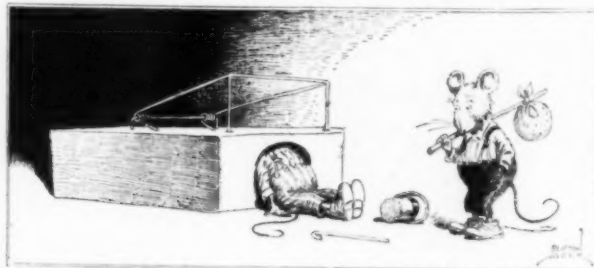
Robert C. Benchley.

## Mistaken Identity

MOTHER (after visitor had gone): Bobby, what on earth made you stick out your tongue at our pastor? Oh, dear! . . .

BOBBY: Why, muvver, I just showed it to him. He said, "Littul man, how do you feel?"—and I thort he was a doctor!

PROHIBITION has added its burden to the load of the city editor of the daily newspaper, as he is no longer able to tell a cub reporter where to find leading citizens by indicating what saloons they frequent.

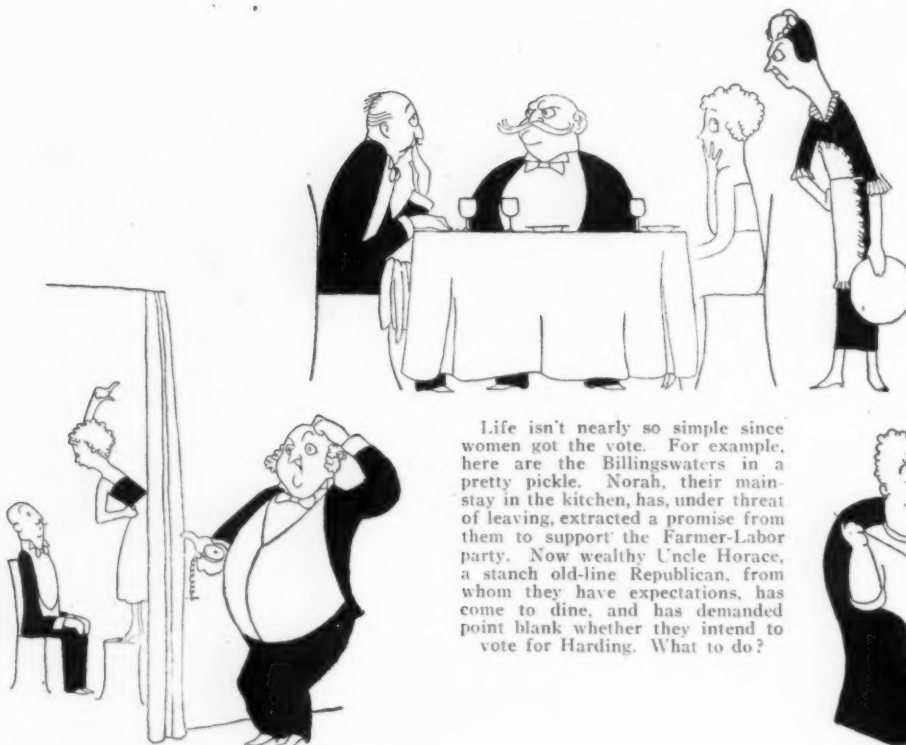


"WELL, A HOUSE IS A HOUSE THESE DAYS, AND HE AT LEAST HAS A ROOF OVER HIS HEAD"

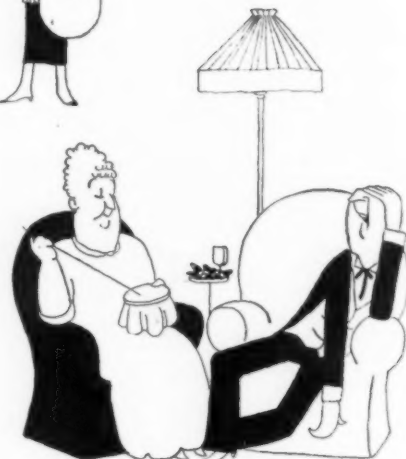
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Just Before She Said "Yes"

*The Nineteenth Amendment in the Home*

Life isn't nearly so simple since women got the vote. For example, here are the Billingswaters in a pretty pickle. Norah, their mainstay in the kitchen, has, under threat of leaving, extracted a promise from them to support the Farmer-Labor party. Now wealthy Uncle Horace, a staunch old-line Republican, from whom they have expectations, has come to dine, and has demanded point blank whether they intend to vote for Harding. What to do?



Hosea Applegait is one of those old-fashioned parents who like to clear the house about ten-thirty, lock up and go to bed. But since his daughter, Imogen, has got the vote, she has taken it upon herself to convert her numerous suitors to the political views held by the Applegaits. Here it is hours past the usual closing hour, and still the stubborn young man refuses to succumb to Imogen's arguments. Yet, how in loyalty to his party can Mr. Applegait break up the rally and lose a vote?

For some time Mr. Whistle has been trying to prepare his wife to vote intelligently on November 2nd. We picture him here at the end of a four-hour session in which he has set forth the principles of the various parties and of the candidates. Mrs. Whistle has just announced that she has made everything clear and that she will vote the Single-Tax ticket, since it must be so nice to pay only one tax instead of having to spend so much on all kinds of taxes.



If you have a cook who is going to vote for Harding, a maid who has pledged herself to support Cox, and an upstairs girl who thinks that Debs is the man for President, you might as well plan to take your meals at some convenient hotel. At least that's what the Gookins have had to do since their servants got interested in politics and turned the kitchen into a debating platform every evening about dinner time.



Beware the fate of Judge William Worth, who promised his wife and daughter that he would support Harding, and his aunt Matilda that he would most certainly cast his ballot for the Prohibition candidate. Alas, his well-meant plan to avoid domestic entanglements fell through. The ladies got together and have demanded a showdown. Unless he can convince them that he can vote three times on election day he had better lose no time in sending out an S. O. S.





*The Poor Little Rich Boy:* PLEASE, MISTER FARMER, HERE'S FIVE DOLLARS, AND CAN I ROB YOUR ORCHARD?

### What Every Losing Candidate Says

"I HEARTILY congratulate my opponent and wish him a most successful administration."

"I wish I could personally thank every one who voted for me."

"My friends feel worse over my defeat than I do."

"No one can say but what I made a clean campaign."

"I'm not the least bit sore, for I realize that it's all part of the political game."

"I am just as well pleased as if I had won, for now I can give full attention to business and get acquainted with my family."

"My record is an open book, and I have done nothing of which I am ashamed."

"I shall not hold spite against those who voted for my opponent."

"I am content to bow to the will of the people."

"All hail the winner! I shall do everything in my power to be of assistance to him, and shall ask my friends to do the same."

*Leverett Bentley.*

### Comfortable—For Him

THE RAPT YOUNG GIRL ADMIRER (to the lion of the evening): Oh, everything you say is interesting.

THE LION: Thanks awfully. It's a great bore to have to put oneself out.



*The Rev. Mr. Spicer (off on a fishing trip with his head vestryman, a hard-headed business man):* BROTHER, I AM BEGINNING TO WONDER WHETHER IT IS RIGHT TO TAKE ANY FISH OUT OF THIS STREAM.

*Bilker:* WELL, I GUESS WE'D BETTER WAIT TILL WE SEE WHETHER WE ARE GOING TO GET ANY OR NOT.



THE UNDER DOG

## Lingerie

By Oliver Herford

*Disrespectfully dedicated to the Author  
of "Lilacs"*

### LINGERIE.

Pink blue,  
Purple white,  
Color of skim milk.  
You are everywhere,  
Hanging on a thin gray line  
Of hemp,  
Fastened to a green post  
Or to an Ailanthus tree,  
Or, what is still more poetic,  
To a rusty nail  
In a brick wall.

You are every color—  
Pink blue,  
Blue pink,  
Purple white—  
But mostly the color of skim milk.  
You wiggle and sway and puff  
And contort yourselves  
And writhe,  
Like people of no importance on a gibbet.

You foot it uglyly, obscene,  
Like the Russian dancers.  
Ugh!

Lingerie,  
Punk blue,  
Blue punk,  
Wishywashy,  
Color of skim milk,  
You are everywhere—  
In my sandalwood chest,  
Scented with Japolak and Ginriki  
And Galosh

And all the perfumes of the fabled East;  
In the painted bureau of bird's-eye maple  
Of the peddler's daughter  
Of Hester Street;  
In the Florentine chest  
Of the Profiteers,  
Voluptuously carved  
And gilded  
To the Queen's taste  
By Spaghetti  
Of the Grand Rapids Renaissance.

Lingerie,  
Punk blue,  
Purple white, wishywashy,  
Through the frothy Arabesques of your  
lace edging  
Run little ribbands  
Of pale pink,  
Color of chilblains,  
Pale mauve,  
Color of a faded bruise.  
Through the interstices of your lace edging  
They run twistingly,  
Like little serpents.

Lingerie,  
Pale blue,  
Punk,  
Like these verses;  
But I love them—  
I mean the verses—  
Not because they are rotten,  
But because I wrote them myself  
On my typewriter.

### Social Notes from New York

**M**R. J. REMINGTON JONES, whose recent attempt to cross Fifth Avenue was interrupted by a passing automobile, is stopping at the Emergency Hospital for the fall term.

Mr. and Mrs. Cadwallader B. Black are occupying their private ward in the Safety First Sanitarium, following their recent ten-story plunge in the express elevator of the Yankemup Arms apartments. They are not expected to return to the Yankemup Arms for some time.

Horatio B. Ainsworthy, the banker, was treated to a surprise party by three unidentified strangers upon his return from Newport to his town house late Tuesday night. He is now convalescing at the New York Eye, Neck and Skull Infirmary.

Mrs. S. de Mortimer Morton and her debutante daughter, Miss



"GEORGE IS ABOUT THE NOISIEST CHAP IN THE GANG THESE DAYS. I FANCY IT'S THE SCOTCH IN HIM."  
"SCOTCH? HE TOLD ME ONCE HE WAS IRISH ON HIS MOTHER'S SIDE AND FRENCH ON HIS FATHER'S."  
"AND SCOTCH ON HIS INSIDE."

Luisita Morton, who spent the summer in Europe, are now at their town house, where, according to physicians, they are slowly recovering from the effects of their encounter with the Customs officials.

Master Tommy Vanderwater Green, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Vanderwater Green, was a pleasant caller at the emergency dressing station of the Infants' Arm, Leg and Trunk Hospital, following his recent collision on Park Avenue with a ten-ton motor truck. No date has been set for his recovery.

Congratulations are being extended to Mr. J. Mugsey Muggewuggle, noted clubman and man about town, upon his steady improvement since the recent Old Timers' night exercises at the Loins Club. Surgeons say he will probably be able to dispense entirely with crutches after another twelvemonth.



If the Employees of the Weather Bureau Were to Go on Strike





"HUH! THEY CALL THEMSELVES SPORTIN' EDITORS, AN' NOT ONE OF 'EM HAS SAID A WORD ABOUT ME MAKIN' THAT THREE-BAGGER"

### The Way It Really Is

I USED to think I knew I knew,  
But now, I must confess,  
The more I know I know I know,  
I know I know the less.

### A Job for a N. Y. V. I. S.

THERE should be a Village Improvement Society in New York to consider the matter of the parked automobiles. It is a long time since there were hitching posts in New York streets for the farmers that came to town to tie their horses to while they did their shopping. Until lately there were not so very many parked automobiles, but the number of them seems to be growing. As one rides in the street car past Madison Square Park, he may notice that a slice has been sheared off of the west side of it and the space so obtained handed over to the motor cars. In many other cities parked

cars abound. One sees lots of them in Washington, in Detroit, in Rochester, in most cities. But where is there space for them in the streets of New York?

Space on Manhattan Island is about as valuable as space in a bank vault, particularly up the middle of the island. A motor car left standing on Broadway or Fifth Avenue while its owner attends to business, will eat up its own value in a short time by occupying space that could be rented for dollars a minute. Considered in a relation to the costliest New York real estate, any motor car looks cheap.

### Safety Last

MRS. HATTERSON: I simply don't see how you can vote for Governor Cox. Surely we don't want such an ordinary man in the White House.

MRS. CATTERSON: But, my dear, after he's in we sha'n't need to recognize him.

### Lines to a Perfect She

A hen, living in Corvallis, Washington, has laid one hundred and thirty-one eggs in as many consecutive days.  
—News item.

OH, priceless fowl, so safe and sure,  
Accuse me not, I beg, of malice,  
If I should say I'd like to lure  
You from Corvallis.

For oft have I essayed to make  
A quest for feminine perfection,  
And yet I've always chanced to take  
The wrong direction.

I've sought the perfect she—and missed—  
And lost my faith 'mid doubts enmeshing;  
And so the thought that you exist  
Is most refreshing.

You daily fill your chosen place,  
And, though you're not up-stage or  
vain, you  
Consistently supply the base  
Of every menu.

You do not recognize fatigue,  
But labor all the law allows, and  
I know that in the chicken league  
You bat one thousand.

The others of the barnyard crew  
(Cows, geese and sheep—to be specific)  
Are not so diligent as you,  
Nor so prolific.

And though your products grace our  
plate,  
You dodge the praise that we're bestowing,  
For you're content to let your mate  
Do all the crowing.

R. E. Sherwood.



Mother (reading fairy story): "AND WHEN THEY HAD WALKED A GREAT DISTANCE THEY CAME UPON A WOOD-CHOPPER."  
Harold: I KNOW! IT'S THE KAISER!



Customer: I CAN SEE THAT YOU HAVEN'T BEEN LONG IN THIS BUSINESS. WHEN YOU MENTIONED THE PRICE YOU BLUSHED

### Impossibility

MY mother says that I must marry  
Only for love.  
Yet she says that Dick is too fast,  
Tom is too poor,  
And Jerry's family is not good enough.  
She wants me to marry a millionaire saint  
Who must be in heaven,  
Because I can't find him.

### Precedence

IT is a pity that there is no order of precedence established in this country, so that when we meet anybody that we ought to meet, and cannot possibly get out of it, we would—under these distressing circumstances—know just what to do. In England, a somewhat older country

than ours as things go (and still on the map, as we see by the Hearst papers), they do things better.

The King comes first, as a matter of course. Next the Prince of Wales, then the younger sons of the sovereign, grandsons of the sovereign, the sovereign's brothers, sovereign's uncles and sovereign's nephews. Nothing is said about grandfathers and grandmothers, but doubtless, in any emergency, a place would be made for them somewhere in the line. Next come the Ambassadors and the Archbishops. The poor old Prime Minister has to wait until all of these above-mentioned gentlemen have closed in. Apparently anything is good enough for him. But his plight is as nothing to that of the younger sons of the younger sons of

peers, who are so far back in the line that only by constant traveling day and night and forced marches can they arrive even where the Prime Minister once was. At any dinner party they could not hope to get anything to eat much before the third or fourth day.

It is presumed (this being thought by some to be a democracy) that if we had such a thing as an order of precedence, it would be about as follows:

- The Labor Agitator.
- The Political Boss.
- The Walking Delegate.
- The Domestic Cook.
- W. R. Hearst.
- The Subway Guard.
- The President of the Stock Exchange.
- The President of the United States.



*Slave:* AIE, MY LORD, A JUDGMENT IS UPON US! SEE HOW THE PALACE SHAKES.  
*Solomon:* NAY, SLAVE, BE QUIET. 'TIS BUT AN HUNDRED OR SO OF MY WIVES TAKING THEIR SHIMMY LESSON.

### She Takes Her Child to School

"GOOD morning. Are you the teacher of the primary? You are? Well, I am Mrs. Rutherford Avery, and I have brought Gladys Amelia to school.

"She is a very unusual child. I am sure you will notice it at once. Everyone does. My husband's sister says she has never seen a child like Gladys Amelia. I have really hesitated to send her to school, for fear it might spoil her originality. 'She is so original. . . . Oh, darling, don't pour the ink on the floor. Well, yes, pour it out of the window, if you must pour it.

"Now, I want to make it perfectly clear to you what Gladys Amelia is to study. Has to study what the other children do? No, no; pardon me, but I am positive we can arrange it. The wife of the president of the School Board is in my bridge club, and we often play at the same table. . . . Gladys Amelia! Don't kick the little boy, my dearest. See, you made him cry. . . . I am sure you will discover what a strong character Gladys Amelia has. She is so intense in her friendships.

"Of course, we can easily afford to send her to a private school, but, as I said to Mr. Avery, we are living in a democracy, and Gladys Amelia must learn to know life. Besides, we must think what a privilege it will be for the children of ignorant parents to be associated with Gladys Amelia. . . . Dearest, don't take the little girl's book. . . . She is so fond of books. I really believe she is going to be literary, like me.

"Why on earth is that rude woman trying to interrupt us? Wants to tell you about her little boy? Well, I must say, I should think she would know how much you have to do (and at such a salary! . . . our literary club is going to write a letter to the Legislature about it . . .) and would not insist upon bothering you with her private affairs.

"Sit down at your little desk, Gladys Amelia. What is it, darling? You want to sit by the window? Well, ask that little girl to change seats with you. Good-by, my precious. Mother will send the car for you at noon."

"JUST bought a ticket from New York to San Francisco."  
 "Traveling from cost to cost, eh?"



*The Agitator:* NOW, THINK HARD, MEN—WE MUST HAVE A REASON FOR GOING ON THIS STRIKE



### Once a Fairy Princess

ONCE a fairy princess  
Lived within a wood—  
Such a pretty princess,  
And very, very good!  
Very, very good!  
But she had one little fault:  
Oh, each time the queen's back was  
turned,  
She'd turn a somersault!

Ah, to reform this princess  
The king and queen tried hard,  
And e'en the maids of honor  
Failed not in this regard—  
They *shone* in this regard!  
Till the princess, in revolt,  
Declared she'd go where she'd be free  
To turn her somersault!

That doughty, flighty princess  
Then to the city hied.  
And now you'll be supposing  
That there she sadly died,  
Repenting ere she died—  
Oh, no, no! Not at all!  
She looked about, and smiled a smile—  
And went and hired a hall!

And then this canny princess  
She advertised her skill,  
And high-class youths and maidens  
Flocked in, that hall to fill!  
They *stood*, that hall to fill!  
And they clamored to be taught,  
And now that limber princess  
A limousine has bought!

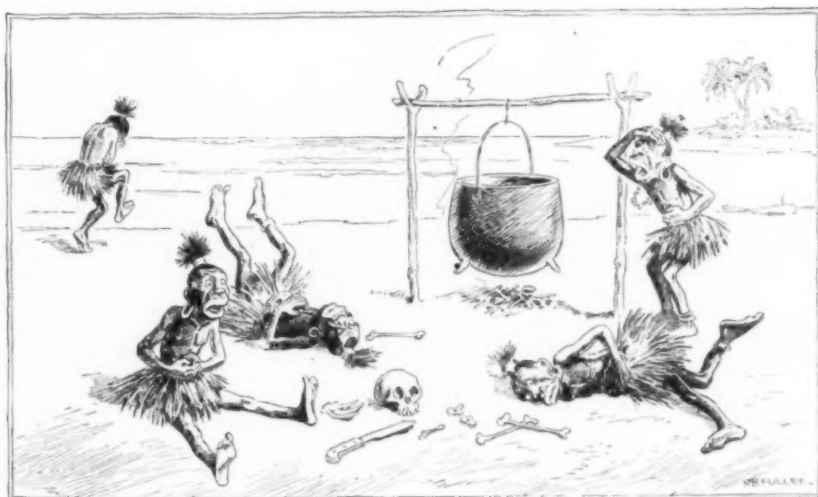
Minnie Leona Upton.

WIFE: This dining-room table is getting awfully shabby.

HUSBAND: It's been slept on too much!



AMBITION



THE ANNOYANCE OF EATING A BOLSHEVIST

### The Vision of Moles

IT was directly after a strike vote that the Brotherhood Miners held this interesting program in their assembly hall:

Address: "The Lowest Down Worker,"  
by the President of the Union.

Song: "Keep Your Own Fires Burning!"  
by Otto Schmidt, bass.

Address: "How I Have Found the  
'I-can-ism' in Americanism," by  
Sheutsky Dinahmite, Secy.

Sermon: "Dust unto Dust, and Ashes  
unto Ashes."

Final Song (by the entire Brotherhood):  
"Master's in the Coal, Coal Ground!"

THE fellow who burns the candle at both ends has the satisfaction of a good bright light for a little while, anyway.



*Sunday Morning Golfer:* HOW THE DICKENS CAN A MAN PUTT WITH THOSE CONFOUNDED CHURCH BELLS RINGING?

### Women and Traps

IF women continue to wear furs—as undoubtedly they will—perhaps, in view of their new civic responsibilities, they will consider the advisability of starting an anti-trap party.

We have conservation of forests—why not conservation of the suffering of animals caught in traps?

Any man can go into a forest and cut down a tree, and escape with the booty. But it is getting much harder all the time for him to do this. It has been a big job to have our valuable trees guarded, but it is being done. It will be better done as time goes on.

Women in their suffrages now have an opportunity to demonstrate one of the most important things in life—namely, that no people can afford to disregard superfluous suffering.

It is easy for a trapper, in pursuit of his living, and in response to a general demand among fashionable women for furs, to become indifferent to suffering.

But nice women, who would shudder in genuine sympathy and concern if they actually saw how many innocent animals were made to suffer needlessly, have now been granted the power to remedy this evil.

### Modern Version

"TWO hearts with but a single candidate;  
Two hands that vote as one."

### Kings in Exile and Archduchesses in Service

ALPHONSE DAUDET once wrote a novel called *Kings in Exile*; and to-day, if he were alive, he would have ample material for a sequel. In fact, the material is not only ample now, but it may at any moment be ampler; and we may soon see the fulfilment of the prophesy that there might in a year or two be only seven kings in all Europe, four in the whist-pack, two on the chess-table and one in England. As it is with monarchs, so is it with their sisters and their cousins, whom they reckon up by dozens, their sisters and their cousins and their aunts. Not only are princes and archdukes out of their jobs, but princesses and archduchesses are looking for jobs. The next issue of the *Almanach de Gotha* may be enlarged with half a dozen pages of want adlets. In Austria alone there are fifty scions of royalty, so reduced that they are ready to proclaim their needs under Situations Wanted. It is reported that some of the archdukes have become junior clerks and that some of the archduchesses have found places as governesses and even as maids.

Here is plainly an opportunity for the newly rich in America who are desirous of associating with royalty or with the sisters and the cousins and the aunts of royalty. Fortunately the Contract Labor Law permits the importation of domestic



*The Bully:* DARN IT! THIS IS TH' TROUBLE OF PICKIN' ON A TWIN!

servants; and there is therefore no reason why a few of these impoverished archduchesses should not be assisted immigrants. It would be a feather in the cap of a Social Leader—it would be a glorious peacock feather indeed—if she could casually mention that the two neat-handed maids who were bringing in the five o'clock tea and the little cakes and the toasted biscuits, were Austrian archduchesses. "Of course, they are not very well trained, and they don't give the service I am used to—but, then, I'm sorry for the poor things!" B. M.



*Instructor:* WONDERFUL WORK! A FEW MORE LESSONS AND YOU'LL BE ABLE TO HANDLE HIM LIKE A COWBOY



Mother's Pet Lamb





OCTOBER 21, 1920

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

VOL. 76. No. 1961

GEORGE B. RICHARDSON, *Vice-President*  
 LE ROY MILLER, *Treasurer*  
 GEORGE D'UTASSY, *Secretary*

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ON October 3rd President Wilson put out an appeal urging the voters to approve the League of Nations.

"Every one," he said, "who sincerely believes in government by the people must rejoice at the turn affairs have taken in regard to this campaign. This election is to be a genuine national referendum. The determination of a great policy upon which the influence and authority of the United States in the world must depend is not to be left to groups of politicians of either party, but is to be referred to the people themselves for a sovereign mandate to their representatives. They are to instruct their own government what they wish done."

"The chief question that is put to you is, of course, this: Do you want your country's honor vindicated and the Treaty of Versailles ratified? Do you in particular approve of the League of Nations as organized and empowered in the Treaty? And do you wish to see the United States play its responsible part in it?"

That is how it ought to be, but is it the fact? Has the determination of a great policy been taken away from groups of politicians? Are the Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations the real issues of this campaign?

They are issues, undoubtedly, but only in a limited degree do they appear to be issues that will swing the votes. It is a most extraordinary campaign. On the League of Nations the Democrats have by far the best position. If the platforms and the declarations of the candidates are to guide the voters, that is one thing. But are they going to?

Not by a long shot. A great many Re-

publicans and some Democrats who want the League sincerely are going to vote for Harding, who is, one cannot say frankly against it, but is against it as much as he can afford to be against anything. He is against it to Borah and Johnson and Brandegee and Penrose and Lodge, but to Taft and Wickersham and Lowell and Hoover and Strauss he seems to be open to conviction. The Republicans who hate the League are going to vote for Harding on the ground that he has killed it. The Republicans who want the League are going to vote for him on the ground that there is just as good a chance of getting it through him as through Cox. The Hearstites, the Germans and the Irish are going to vote for him because they hate England. A lot of Democrats and others will vote for him because they hate Wilson, and thousands more because they want a change.

It is a very curious situation. An issue that cannot win the voters that belong to it is only imperfectly an issue. At this writing, this election does not seem to be the genuine national referendum that Mr. Wilson says it is. It seems to be just a mixup. In with the League as an issue goes Mr. Wilson's failure to take responsible Republican advisers with him to Paris. In with it go the fight in the Senate and the failure to get the Treaty ratified in the best form attainable. It is a great party fight, with the League very much in the position of the innocent bystander, slightly concerned in the cause of the rumpus, but very liable indeed to be hurt. There must be many believers in government by the people who cannot join Mr. Wilson in rejoicing at the turn affairs have taken in regard to this campaign. It is one of the meanest campaigns ever known, and the prospect that it will settle anything about the League seems remote.

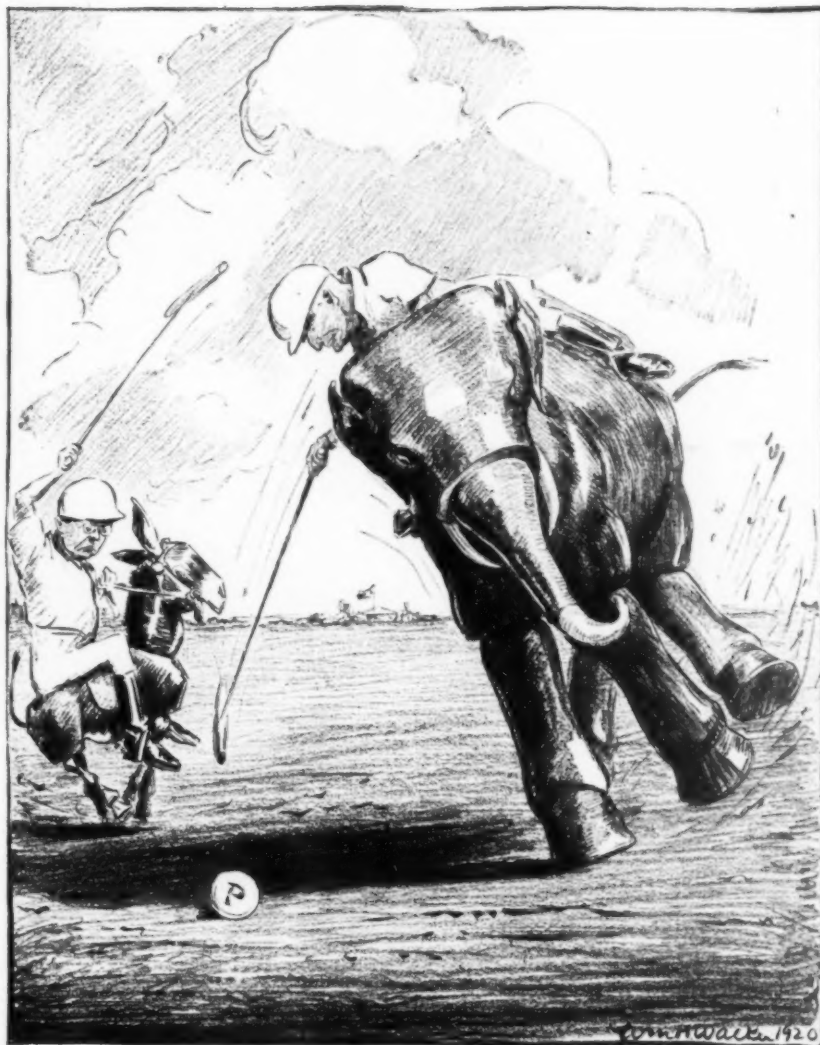


THE rest of what Mr. Wilson said in that appeal is all true enough. There has been an immense amount of misstatement about the Treaty and the League by the leaders that have opposed it. The "America-first" idea of those leaders would, as he says, "substitute America for Prussia in the policy of isolation and defiant segregation." It is a highly disenchanting conception, and Mr. Wilson speaks with authority when he says that "the conception of the great creators of the government was absolutely opposite to this."

He is on safe ground, along with Taft, Wickersham, Lowell, Strauss, Hoover and others, in saying that the truth about Article X has not been told by the opponents of the League, and that it is "absolutely false" that that article would make it possible for other nations to lead us into war against our independent judgment. He winds up his appeal to the people by saying, "The whole world will wait for your verdict in November as it would wait for an intimation of what its future is to be."



LET us hope the world is better informed about the quality of the campaign that is raging here than the President seems to be, and will still have hopes about its future, no matter how the coming election goes. There is not the slightest objection to its taking courage if Governor Cox wins, but all earnest well-



AS WE GO TO PRESS

wishers of humanity must deprecate the idea that hope for the world is lost if Harding is elected. The stakes are not really so big, and it does not make so much difference as all that, who is to be President. Business will go on after election, no matter who wins, and this great business of settling about that Treaty and bringing peace to the world will go along with the other things. Most of the world has got its League already, and we shall probably join it in due time, because the facts lean that way, but there promises to come a big fight after election that the League will not help much to restrain, and that is the knock-down-and-drag-out in the Republican party. If Mr. Harding wins, there will have to be some kind of a settlement between the opposing forces that have supported him. Perhaps it is

then that Mr. Root's turn will come. He is back from Europe, but up to this time of writing he has not said anything. It is not inconceivable that he may be the means of such grace as to achieve an acceptable ratification of the Treaty between Election Day and the following 4th of March, and it is not inconceivable that if Cox is beaten, President Wilson may consider that half a loaf is better than no bread and accept such a ratification as the Senate is able to pass.



THE prospect of a blow-up in the Republican party before election is faint.

The prospect of interesting internal convulsions in that curious aggregation of disagreements after election is more ominous. If sorrow is coming to the Democrats it is not likely that their affliction will be without mitigations. The great final baseball series this year have been quered by the dishonesty of some players, but for that disappointment to the fans the coming intestinal Republican struggle should bring consolation.

The Republicans, so-called, whose position looks best to sportsmen are Johnson, Borah, Brandegee and the extreme anti-Leaguers. They have freed their minds at all times, told what they wanted, threatened to bolt if they didn't get it, defied their opponents and constrained the candidate to keep them in countenance. The League Republicans have thought discretion the better part in dealing with them, and there are those who now believe that the hard-boiled crowd that controlled the candidate will continue to control him if he is elected President.

That, however, may not happen. We cannot tell about it until after election. If Mr. Harding is elected and Mr. Root becomes Secretary of State, it may put a decided tinge of rainbow in a cloudy sky.

The worst position in this campaign has been the Republican candidate's, but, after all, there can't be a political football game without a football.



IT still costs a great deal too much to live, but there are some signs of improvement. Sugar is down to thirteen or fourteen cents, and they say is going to ten. It used to be five cents, but lately it was so near thirty that now at thirteen cents it makes a nice little puncture in the h. c. l.

Henry Ford has put the knife into the price of Ford cars. They are going back, all at one thud, to what they were before the war. Other motor cars have concluded to be cheaper, and there is even talk of a drop in the cost of building materials. "To let" signs are out on habitations in this city, and rents have fallen a bit. Wheat is down to two dollars, though coal still soars. Perhaps we will get back to earth sooner than has been supposed. After all, it was a fairly comfortable habitation, as we knew it, before the war, in spite of some people's drinking inconsiderately.



Labor and Capital Come to Pleas





me to Pleasant Agreement



## The Power of the Drama

THERE are a great many disturbing features about "Tip-Top," the new Fred Stone show at the Globe Theatre. It makes one so dissatisfied with one's own life.

For instance, no one in whose veins flows the stuff which has made this country what it is to-day can listen to the Six Brown Brothers and not feel consumed with a desire to throw over whatever work he may be doing in the world and take up the saxophone. To be able to play the bass instrument in that aggregation of tubadors should be the ambition of every one-hundred-per-cent. American, although probably you could have more fun by yourself if you played one of the tune-bearing ones. And if, through some natural handicap, such as being unable to pucker up your lips, you should be physically unfit to play the saxophone, the next best thing would be to work very hard all your life and accumulate enough money to hire the Six Brown Brothers to come and play for you from nine to five every day during your declining years.

The only trouble with this arrangement would be that, if you had that amount of money, you would want to hire the Duncan Sisters to sing to you all the time, and the Brown Brothers would drown them out. It is probably a sign of arrested musical development to like the Duncan Sisters, but earth can have few greater joys in store for me than to sit back in a nice, comfortable orchestra chair and hear Vivian and Rosetta melding equal parts of soprano and alto in a soul-satisfying duet. Gluck and Homer might be able to do it, but they don't seem to be able to get the songs that the Duncan Sisters get.

And even when you have said all this about "Tip-Top" you have left out the most important feature, which is, of course, Fred Stone. You may not roar with laughter at him, especially if you happen to have a growing boy at home who makes the same comical faces and noises with his mouth when in playful mood, but you can't help but feel that here is a most talented and lovable comedian, who can do unbelievably wonderful things in such an unostentatious fashion that you almost feel as if you could do them yourself if given any encouragement at all. He shoots glass balls, does stunts on a horse, and snaps a whip with such accuracy as to knock a cigar out of an accomplice's mouth (an interesting time must have been had by the accomplice at the first rehearsal of this stunt).

And how he can dance! And how the London Palace Girls can dance, with the accuracy and uniformity of so many shuttles on a row of spinning machines! It is such good entertainment all around that you forget that the book and lyrics are nothing at all and the score decidedly weak. But who cares?



IT is difficult to say why a foreign comedy translated into English should usually be dull. The fault may very well be with the English, but somehow it doesn't seem as if those foreigners laugh at the right things.



RAYMOND HITCHCOCK IN "HITCHY-KOO"

There is "The Treasure," for instance, presented by the Theatre Guild as its first offering of the season. David Pinski wrote it in Yiddish, and Ludwig Lewisohn has made the few changes necessary to render it intelligible to a New York audience. It is a comedy dealing with a peasant who is supposed to have found a treasure, and is thereupon visited in turn by different characters of the neighborhood, like the girls who, in "A Bachelor's Reverie" presented in the church vestry, pass one by one before the reminiscent hero. Finally the whole town joins in a hunt for the remainder of the treasure, giving a chance for much running about and shouting in true Continental comedy style, and also for a most effective stage setting by Lee Simonson.

"The Treasure" is amusing, but it takes much too long about it. Perhaps this is because it is done with modern artistic regard for the dramatic verities, which means that Helen Westley sits and, to the exclusion of any other action, moans a lamentation for six minutes when two would have done.

The most entertaining feature of the play is the feeling one has of being in the old home town of Potash and Perlmutter, and in seeing all the familiar New York types in the shell. One longs, however, for some Potash and Perlmutter lines to complete the illusion.



THE Selwyns might have found something more unusual than "The Mirage" with which to open their new Times Square Theatre. Florence Reed, too, deserved to fare better.

The little girl from Erie, Pa. (just why Erie should be picked as the seat of virtue and innocence is not clear. It was a man from Erie who once taught me how to stack a Canfield pack so that you can run out every time), comes to the Metropolis and, owing to the difference in the exchange rate between Erie and New York, falls victim to the lure of money. Then comes

the Boy from the old home town. "What are you doing here?" . . . "What right have you to ask?" . . . "That woman has promised to be my wife!" . . . "I nev-er want to see you again! Nev-er, nev-er, nev-er!"

All this, and much more, Miss Reed is asked to do. Is it any wonder that actresses go into the movies, where, at least,

they don't have to speak the captions themselves?



"PITTER-PATTER" is a musical comedy with a song-hit beginning, "Pitter-patter, nothing matters."

Robert C. Benchley.



Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

Astor.—"The Unwritten Chapter." Notice later.

Belasco.—"One." Frances Starr playing the difficult rôle of two sisters with but a single soul between them. The last word in psychic phenomena—we hope.

Belmont.—"Little Miss Charity." A nice, clean little musical comedy in which there would be no part for Eddie Cantor.

Bijou.—"The Charm School." The educational theories of a young man applied to a girls' boarding school with considerable success for the young man.

Booth.—"Happy-Go-Lucky." A conventional and noisy comedy, done in native cockney, transformed into an event of considerable importance and much amusement by O. P. Heggie.

Broadhurst.—"The Guest of Honor." William Hodge, the author, treating William Hodge, the actor, very badly in the matter of material. Plenty of sentiment, however, and William Hodge.

Casino.—"Honeydew." A superior score by Efrem Zimbalist overcoming a mediocre book with the aid of good singing and dancing.

Central.—"The Girl in the Private Room." Notice later.

Century.—"Mecca." The most stupendous, most lavish, most sumptuous, most . . . most . . . spectacle ever seen on any stage. It must have cost a lot of money.

Century Roof.—Two revues, at 8:30 and 11:30 p. m., with things to eat and dance music for the young folks.

George M. Cohan's.—"The Tavern." Ar-

nold Daly in a burlesque of romantic drama so delicious that words fail and the voice breaks in speaking of it. An event of a lifetime.

Cohan and Harris.—"Welcome, Stranger." A rather cheap but interesting rustic drama giving the Jew his due, with six per cent. interest.

Comedy.—"The Bad Man." Holbrook Blinn as a delightful Mexican bandit spreading good will along the border in an amusing satirical comedy.

Cort.—"Jim Jam Jems." A jazzy musical show without particular distinction.

Eltinge.—"Ladies' Night." Vulgar farce dealing with the adventures of three men in the wrong department of a Turkish bath. It sounds bad, but is much worse than it sounds, and is very popular.

Empire.—"Call the Doctor." A weak solution of good acting in a mediocre comedy.

Forty-eighth Street.—"Opportunity." Wall Street drama of love, avarice and steel stock.

Frazee.—"The Woman of Bronze." Margaret Anglin's powerful emotional acting lifting a conventional drama into importance.

Fulton.—"Enter Madame." Excellent light comedy, excellently done.

Gaiety.—"Lightnin'." In its third record-breaking year with no signs of weakening.

Garrick.—"The Treasure." Reviewed in this issue.

Globe.—"Tip-Top." Reviewed in this issue.

Greenwich Village.—"Three Live Ghosts." An amusing comedy dealing with three returning soldiers who had been listed as missing.

Henry Miller.—"Stepping Stones." Notice later.

Hippodrome.—"Good Times." An afternoon of entertainment for the children and their chaperones, followed by three weeks of excited conversation on the subject.

Hudson.—"The Meanest Man on Earth." Notice later.

Knickerbocker.—"Mary." Notice later.

Liberty.—"The Night Boat." John Hazard and Ada Lewis still carrying last season's musical comedy success on their shoulders.

Little.—"Marry the Poor Girl." Not a very good farce, but at least it moves along and is fairly interesting.

Longacre.—"Pitter-Patter." Reviewed in this issue.

Lyceum.—"The Gold Diggers." Ina Claire in a successful comedy of chorus-girl life.

Lyric.—"Kissing Time." Notice later.

Maxine Elliott's.—"Spanish Love." Warm southern temperaments running riot in an orgy of hating, stabbing and loving.

Morosco.—"The Bat." Murder mystery in the first degree. Jury unanimous.

New Amsterdam.—"Hitchy-Koo." Notice later.

Nora Bayes.—"Don't Tell." Scotch comedy. 2.75 per cent.

Playhouse.—"Anna Ascends." Alice Brady in a comedy worthy of a much worse actress.

Plymouth.—"Little Old New York." Costume comedy of 1810. Charming, but don't let that keep you away from it.

Princess.—"Blue Bonnet." Ernest Truex as a cowboy who never owned a gun. Worth seeing for him alone.

Punch and Judy.—"Because of Helen." Comedy of what are known as "manners." People in evening clothes throwing epigrams at each other.

Republic.—"The Lady of the Lamp." Elaborate presentation of the benefits of opium smoking. Well acted.

Selwyn.—"Tickle Me." Frank Tinney, good music, clever chorus. Is there anything more in the world?

Shubert.—"Greenwich Village Follies." A beautiful presentation of uneven material, some good and some very, very bad.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"The Outrageous Mrs. Palmer." Notice later.

Times Square.—"The Mirage." Reviewed in this issue.

Vanderbilt.—"Irene." A dainty and tuneful musical comedy which seems to be unable to convince the public that it is time to go.

Winter Garden.—"Broadway Brevities." Bert Williams and Eddie Cantor in a mediocre melange.

Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic.—If you don't dance yourself, you can eat and watch the Dooleys fall.



PUFF!



MAH-AH-AH!



ROO-AWR!





JUST FOLLOWS HIM WHEREVER HE GOES.



THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.



NEGRO WOMEN IGNORE BALLOT IN LOUISIANA.



A TRIUMPH OVER CAPITALISM.



DOLLING UP FOR LADIES' DAY.

LIFE's Bi-weekascope

## Something New

THE many apostles of restlessness are looking about for new changes to suggest, new innovations to introduce. Scarcely a day is allowed to pass without the proposal of another amendment to the Constitution, and it seems now that the famous document upon which the structure of our government is founded will eventually be amended out of existence. Not to be outdone, we beg to offer a few suggestions of our own:

*The Twentieth Amendment*—That it shall be illegal for any man, irrespective of race, creed or color, to shave, or cause to have shaven, his neck.

*The Twenty-first Amendment*—That magazine editors shall be required to publish not less than three issues per annum without covers depicting pretty girls whose lips are slightly parted.

*The Twenty-second Amendment*—That the word "jazz" be forcibly evicted from the English language.

*The Twenty-third Amendment*—That song writers who couple "home" with "alone" and "dearie" with "near me"

be presented with buckram bound editions of Walker's Rhyming Dictionary.

*The Twenty-fourth Amendment*—That all professional reformers be incarcerated in reform schools.

*The Twenty-fifth Amendment*—That chorus girls in musical shows be prohibited from carrying concealed electric lights about their person for use as surprise novelties on the encores of song numbers.

*The Twenty-sixth Amendment*—That illustrators be compelled to read the stories they illustrate.

*The Twenty-seventh Amendment*—That motorists who bedeck their cars with "Excuse My Dust" and "Mohawk Trail" pennants be forbidden the use of any highways, roads, lanes, streets, boulevards, avenues or concourses in the United States.

*The Twenty-eighth Amendment*—That newspaper headline writers be restrained from saying "loot" instead of "steal," "gems" instead of "jewels," "parley" instead of "conference" and "slayer" instead of "murderer."

R. E. Sherwood.

### Housing Suggestions

**I**N the present shortage of housing accommodations, the various committees appointed to solve the problem are recommending the utilization of waste space in our cities for the erection of apartment-houses. As "waste space" we would designate sites given over to the following:

Postcard and novelty stores with mechanical-piano attachments.

Window displays in which young men stand, hour in and hour out, repeatedly taking off their trousers and hanging them up on patent stretchers.

Brownstone-front dwellings in which, as one enters the front hall, there is an odor of New England boiled dinner.

Marble residences of five floors housing one millionairess and one Pomeranian each.

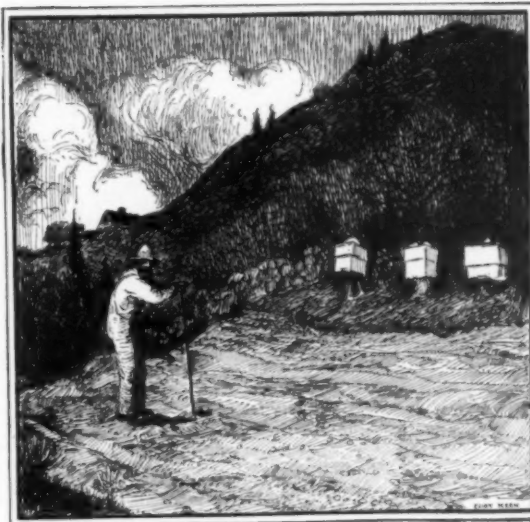
One-storey blocks of stores, in which removal sales are constantly in progress.

J. P. Morgan's back garden.

Greenwich Village "studios."

Shooting galleries.

"Olde Englysshe" tearooms,



### LOCAL GOSSIP

Fred Wallace wuz a-doin' some fall plantin' down along that piece of his side of the road where he's got his beehives, when P. K. Thrasher come by. Prob'ly he wanted to be neighborlylike, though he owns the Fust National Bank of Rock Hill, and not knowin' Fred wuz a joker, he stopped and passed the time o' day, watchin' Fred a-hoein' a spell. Then he ast him, "What be you tryin' to do, Mr. Wallace—show them bees a sample of real industry?"

"No, 'tain't that," sez Fred. "I'm scratchin' more on account o' the hives. They make this passel o' ground itch terribul."

serving dainty foods on doilies at crowded tables.

Theatres containing "naughty" farces.

Erstwhile saloons.

Broad and Wall Streets.

### Attention, Everybody!

**T**HE schools are now open once more. Some of the big-city children have gone back to their desks, where they can be fairly sure of getting an occasional meal, distributed through the kindness of benevolent boards of education.

Those of the teachers who haven't gone into other occupations in order to keep body and soul alive, are now pointing out the various parts of speech and that two and two almost make three.

And the parents are delighted.

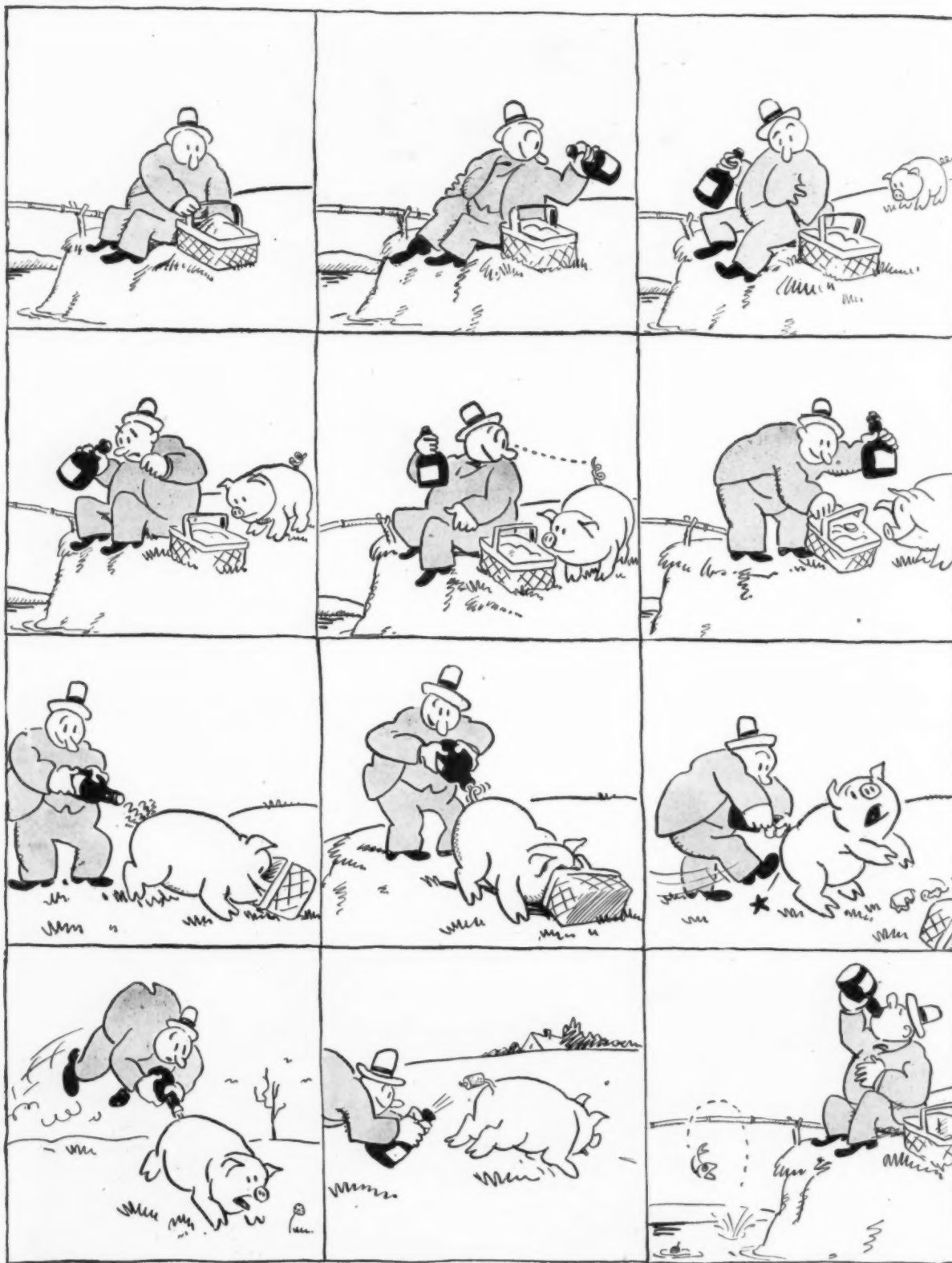
To be wholly responsible for the moral, spiritual and mental welfare of one's children, even during the summer months, is almost too much to ask.

**T**ALK is cheap, but not when money does it.



"MY WIFE SPENDS MOST OF HER TIME AT THE CLUB."

"DON'T BLAME YOURSELF. IN THESE DAYS IT REQUIRES A SPECIAL TALENT IN ANY MAN TO MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE."



Drawn by FRUEH

Man's Inhumanity to Pigs





### Rhymed Reviews

#### The War, the World, and Wilson

(By George Creel. Harper & Bros.)

THE War? The World? Why drag them in,

Except by way of condescension?  
This volume's title *should* have been  
The name I may not lightly mention.

The name of one supremely right,  
The solar system's joy and wonder,  
Too brave to drill, too proud to fight,  
Too infinitely wise to blunder.

When over glad Atlantic's flow  
He came, augustly pedagogic,  
Orlando, George and Clemenceau  
Curled up beneath his blazing logic.

And Peace would smile from Pole to Pole

And round the restless globe's equator,  
And mellow every human soul,  
Had he but been the World's Dictator.

The Senate needn't hope to dodge;  
Its head is valorously smitten;  
And wicked Henry Cabot Lodge  
Is branded as a tool of Britain!

Shall we, when pure Omniscience rules,  
Forget what Imperfection owes it?  
What traitors, frauds, malignants, fools  
And worms are they who dare oppose it!

For here is one who never nods!  
Sings Mr. Creel, his catechumen.  
Yet men *will* balk at demi-gods,  
Preferring heroes greatly human.  
Arthur Guiterman.

### LIFE'S Choice

The Best Six Current Books

*Mac of Placid*, by T. Morris Longstreth.

*The Wildcat*, by Hugh Wiley.

*For Better, For Worse*, by W. B. Maxwell.

*Not That It Matters*, by A. A. Milne.

*Talks With T. R.*, by John J. Leary, Jr.

*Enslaved, and Other Poems*, by John Masefield.

NOT THAT IT MATTERS (Dutton), by A. A. Milne of *Punch* and other English journals, is the most relishable book of casual writing in several years. Forty-five essayettes of about one thousand words apiece, on everything from pen nibs to house-moving, and full of quiet, unexpected humor, never forced, never flagging. Reading them is putting your own sense of humor on the whetstone.

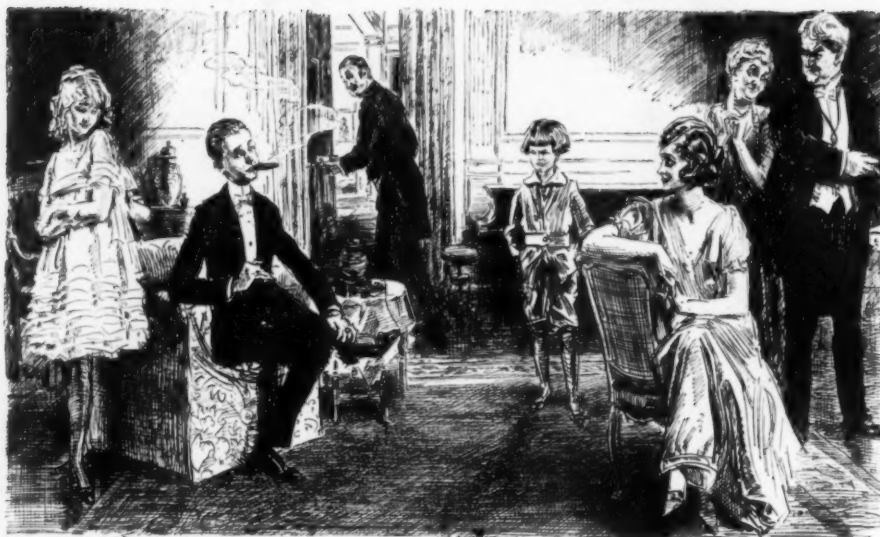
W. B. Maxwell is no unknown novelist. Without putting his *For Better, For Worse* (Dodd, Mead) alongside such of his novels as *In Cotton Wool* (Appleton) and *Mrs. Thompson* (Appleton), we are of opinion that this latest tale of after-marriage stands well up in the forefront of his books. It's

(Continued on page 742)



Spirit of Nimrod: AND YOU CALL YOURSELF A SPORT?

## LIFE'S Title Contest



Copyright Life Pub. Co.

WHAT IS THE BEST TITLE FOR THIS PICTURE?

For the best title to the picture above,  
LIFE will award prizes as follows:

First Prize, . . . . .	\$500.00
Second Prize, . . . . .	\$300.00
Third Prize, . . . . .	\$200.00

The contest will be governed by the following

## RULES

By "best" is understood that title which most cleverly describes the situation shown in the picture.

No title submitted shall consist of more than ten words. Hyphenated words will be counted as one.

The contest is open to everybody.

The contest is now open. It will close at noon on November 30, 1920.

All titles should be addressed to the Contest Editor of LIFE, Box 262, G. P. O., New York, N. Y. Envelopes should contain nothing but the competing title and

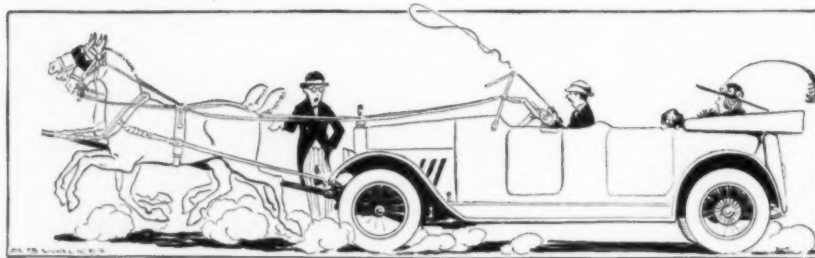
the name and address of the sender, plainly written, all on the same sheet.

Titles will be judged by three members of LIFE's Editorial Staff, and their decision will be final.

Titles may be original or may be a quotation from some well-known author. Contestants may send in more than one title.

In case of ties the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the close of the contest. Of this due notice will be given. Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcements of the award.



GET A HORSE; IT'S CHEAPER

"BEING TOWED?"

"OH, NO; ONLY ECONOMIZING ON GAS."

## It Takes Time

"THERE being no possible question that we love each other," said the ardent suitor, "is there any reason why we shouldn't get married?"

"None whatever," said the equally ardent but none the less conscientious and cautious lady, "except the high cost of the superfluous."

"By which you mean—?" asked the suitor.

"Take golf. We both play it, and it is part of our lives. And there are people. There are so many superfluous people, and yet not to know them is to argue oneself unknown."

"If we were married, we needn't play golf and we needn't know anybody."

"Not for a year or so, but by that time we should have to fall back on suitable conversation, and what is conversation among decently married people, if it does not concern itself with golf and people?"

"But love conquers all things."

"All things but the superfluous—and time."

"Have I been mistaken? You, a young and supremely beautiful girl, talking like this! Can it be that you are a cynic?"

"No, sir! I am not a cynic. I am a very practical person, with a college education, and am an observer of social conditions. One is a long time married—or ought to be—and domestic happiness comes from harmony, and harmony comes from a proper relationship to one's environment. We did not make our environment. We did not create golf, or people, or best sellers, or the drama, or motor cars or high rents. Love is one thing—a wonderful thing. But love can be crushed by one's environment."

The ardent suitor was temporarily discomfited, but not entirely knocked out.

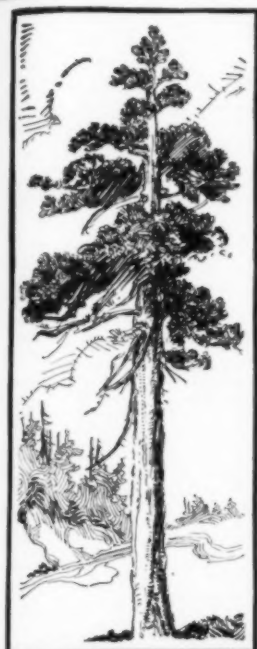
"Then about when do you think, darling girl, we can get married?" he asked.

"Not in less than a couple of months," she declared quite positively. "It will take that much time to get my things together."

## Foot Tracks

LIVES of great men might remind us  
How the kitchen servant swore,  
When those great ones left their foot-  
tracks

On her fresh-mopped kitchen floor!



¶ From the steaming machines, which thoroughly sterilize the dainty and absorbent texture of Northern Tissue, quickly the generous rolls are twice wrapped, that they may come to you hygienically perfect, fresh, and soft as fine chamois.

¶ There is nicety in simply asking for "Northern Tissue"—a topping improvement in bathroom papers. Don't be satisfied with just "toilet paper"—ask for "Northern Tissue." At your dealer's now. Made at Green Bay, Wisconsin, by the Northern Paper Mills—also manufacturers of remarkable paper towels.







### The Way He Said It

Two college students were talking of one of their old professors one day when they chanced to meet. "Do you know," said one of them, "that that man changed the whole course of my life one day, just by something he said to me?"

"Is that true?" replied the other. "What did he say?"

"Well—er—hm—I," stammered the other. "Really what he said was 'Good morning!'"—*Friends' Intelligencer.*

### In a Restaurant

CUSTOMER: I say—Do you ever play anything by request?

DELIGHTED MUSICIAN: Certainly, sir.

CUSTOMER: Then I wonder if you'd be so good as to play a game of dominoes until I've finished my lunch?—*Punch.*

MINISTERS, like alarm clocks, get most of their abuse for doing their duty.

—*Kansas City Star.*



"I'VE HAD A FEARFUL TIME RECONCILING MY 'USBAND TO THIS NEW LEOPARD-SKIN COAT; FOR WEEKS HE KEPT CALLIN' ME A MOVIE VAMPIRE!"

### Prometheus Bound

Here in the voting booth I stand  
And clench my ballot in my hand;  
This is my weapon in distress,  
This is my shield of righteousness;  
To-day my stature is as great  
As any Eastern potentate,  
And this, my summons, proudly given,  
Controls the powers of hell and heaven.  
Prometheus Bound has rent his chains  
And rises, looming o'er the plains;  
The lightning flashes from his eyes,  
Illuming all our tyrannies;  
And trembling on their paper thrones  
The rulers and the priestly drones  
Lift arms and voices in dismay  
Lest the storm wash them quite away!  
So, stepping to the ballot-box,  
I vote for Harding or for Cox.

—*Maxwell Anderson, in the Nation.*

DINER OUT (to waiter): Bring me a highball.

WAITER: Why, sir, didn't you know the country was dry?

DINER OUT (craftily): Ah, but we're in the city now.—*Stanford Chaparral.*

It is hard to determine whether we are in the early laps of a new war or in a relapse of the old one.—*Columbia Record.*

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Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected.



## ARROW COLLARS

The introduction for Fall wear is a rather small collar with close front spacing & moderate points. It meets perfectly the demand for a collar that will go well with the tight little cravat knots of the season.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. Makers, Troy, N. Y.



### The Real American Hotel

NOT an imitation of a European hotel, but a spacious, beautifully appointed American inn. Efficient service; unexcelled cuisine; homelike suites overlooking Rock Creek Park now radiant in autumn colors. Points of historic interest within easy distance, and out-door sports at hand. Saturday-evening dances attract official and diplomatic circles.

HARRY WARDMAN  
President

ELMER DYER  
Manager

**Wardman Park Hotel**  
Connecticut Avenue and Woodley Road  
**WASHINGTON, D. C.**



## What the Hand of the Printer Holds for You

**P**EOPLE who have never seen you or your goods are made to see by your printing.

Your factory, of which you are so proud; your product, which you have labored to perfect—these things are your reason for living. But most of America's hundred millions will get their impressions of you and your work from printed pages.

When you invite people to send for your printing, you really invite them to send for the photograph of your life work. The hands of the printer mould the public's consciousness of your business existence.

A printer works with type and presses, en-

gravings, ink, and paper. The first two, type and presses, are standard equipment.

The paper, the engravings, and the ink are usually bought for each job.

Why not assist the efforts of your printer to make your catalog or booklet express your business, by telling him you are willing that he figure on using the proper Warren Standard Printing Paper?

You don't need to specify or urge the use of a Warren Standard Paper. Just tell your printer that you are willing if he is.

S. D. WARREN CO., Boston, Mass.

better  
paper  
better  
printing

### Briefly classified, Warren's Standard Printing Papers are

<b>Warren's Cameo</b> Dull coated for artistic halftone printing	<b>Warren's Silkote</b> Semi-dull surface, noted for practical printing qualities	<b>Warren's Cumberland Super Book</b> Super-calendered paper of standard, uniform quality
<b>Warren's Lustrro</b> The highest refinement of surface in glossy-coated paper	<b>Warren's Printone</b> Semi-coated. Better than super, cheaper than coated	<b>Warren's Cumberland Machine Book</b> A dependable hand-sorted, machine finish paper
<b>Warren's Warrentown Coated Book</b> Glossy surface for fine halftone and process color work	<b>Warren's Library Text</b> English finish for medium screen halftones	<b>Warren's Artogravure</b> Developed especially for offset printing
<b>Warren's Cumberland Coated Book</b> A recognized standard glossy-coated paper	<b>Warren's Olde Style</b> A watermarked antique finish for type and line illustration	<b>Warren's India</b> For thin editions



Printing Papers

*EXAMPLES of the kind of printing any good printer can obtain by using Warren Papers can be seen in various specimen books we have issued to printers—notably the Warren Service Library, and in Warren's Paper Buyer's Guide. These books are to be seen in the offices of catalog printers, in the public libraries of the larger cities, and in the offices of paper merchants who sell Warren's Standard Printing Papers.*

## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### No Alternative Then

In the present recruiting campaign the army spares no pains in displaying the attractions it offers. In Denver a man wearing the service button stood thoughtfully in front of a glaring sign which read:

"Chances for service in eight different countries. The sergeant will tell you where you can go."

"I wonder," ruminated the button-wearer dreamily, "what the seven are besides the one he used to mention so often."

—American Legion Weekly.

### Time is Precious

A young matron amazed her husband a few evenings ago by giving him one of Señor Blasco Ibañez's latest novels.

"Why do we buy this?" he asked. "It will be out as a movie in a few weeks, and then we won't have to read it."

—Kansas City Star.

WEE DONALD ANGUS: Please, sirr, what time wull it be?

LITERAL GENTLEMAN: When?—Punch.



Good "Life" insurance!  
"Ounces of precaution" in Winter weight \* "Scotch Mists."

Overcoats of Scottish cheviots that are rainproof as well as coldproof.  
A formula of our own.

Sizes for men, youths and boys.  
Long life to the coats, too—wear as well as they look!

\*Registered Trademark.

Mail orders filled.

### ROGERS PEET COMPANY

Broadway  
at 13th St.

"Four  
Convenient  
Corners"

Broadway  
at Warren

NEW YORK CITY

Broadway  
at 34th St.

Fifth Ave.  
at 41st St.



## EGYPTIAN DEITIES

"The Utmost in Cigarettes"  
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture and  
refinement invariably  
**PREFER Deities**  
to any other cigarette

30¢

*Amarguros*

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish  
and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

### Faux Pas de Luxe

Mrs. Jones had never entertained the sewing circle of Horseshoe Bend that she did not commit an absent-minded *faux pas* of some kind. She would either forget to invite her next-door neighbor or forget to entertain the sewing circle. She was so absent-minded that her own children began to get skeptical of her mental health, after she had taken their medicine on several occasions.

This afternoon in September, she was making a final effort to entertain without "pulling a bone." Everybody seemed to be present, and local gossip was being swallowed with as much relish as was Mrs. Jones's delicious ice cream, when suddenly Mrs. Jones put down her saucer, gracefully arose and said: "The afternoon has been just delightful, but I really must be going."

—Virginia Reel (Univ. of Virginia).

### Fashionable

"Dr. Pillers seems to be a fashionable physician."

"I should say so! He has patients at some of the most expensive health resorts in America and a waiting list of people whose health will give way as soon as they get money enough to consult him."

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

### Very Different

"Bill talks too much about himself."

"He claims that that is the way to make other people talk about you."

"Yes, but they won't say the same things that you do."—Boston Transcript.

### Bygones

"We must let bygones be bygones."

"I endeavor to do so. I no longer give a thought to the time I wasted making up my mind how I would vote in the primaries."

—Washington Star.

## "DANDERINE"

Stops Hair Coming Out—Wonderful  
Stimulating Tonic



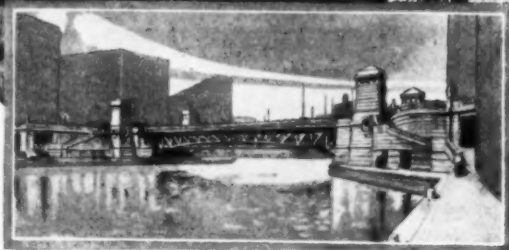
A few cents buys a bottle of "Danderine." After an application of "Danderine" you seldom find a fallen hair or any dandruff, besides every hair shows new life, vigor, brightness, more color and thickness.—Any drug store.

*President  
Suspenders*  
for comfort

Every pair guaranteed

MADE AT SHIRLEY MASSACHUSETTS





View of New Boulevard Link Bridge, Chicago

# HANSEN GLOVES

THE tremendous stride in transportation made by the automobile of today naturally calls for the forward vision in all things connected with it—from the road it runs over to the gloved hands that control the wheel.

The fact that people realize, more and more, the absolute necessity of a good glove is largely due to the *distinctive* quality of Hansen building.

In a Hansen you have more than the essentials of good grooming—you have a flexible, comfortable partner for your hands. And not only for those times and seasons when a glove or gauntlet is taken for granted, but for all seasons—for many and varied occasions.

Whether for motoring or formal dress; for heavy service or just general, all-purpose wear, there is a distinction, an individuality, which has given the Hansen name authority in the field.

## *Glove Book Sent on Request*

It describes and illustrates many types and designs. See your dealer and make your choice.

**O. C. Hansen Manufacturing Company**

519B Wright Street

Milwaukee, Wisconsin



No. 701—  
Finest Leather.  
Lined throughout  
with choice furs. Soft  
cuff. Note graceful lines.



No. 703—Black Grain  
Leather. Imported  
Lamb Fur lining.  
Wristlet of Wombat  
Fur.



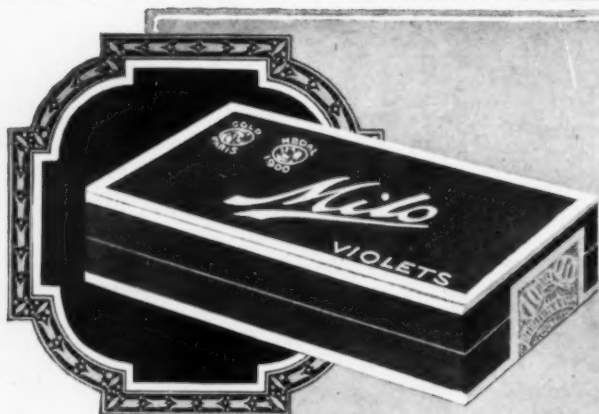
No. 1043—Black Horse-  
hide. Soft cuff. Im-  
ported Fur lining.



No. 1200—  
Black Grain  
Leather. Soft  
drop cuff. Lamb  
Fur lining.



No. 6435—  
Dress Glove  
of African  
Cape  
Leather.



*Milo*  
Violets  
Delicately Scented  
Gold Tipped  
Cigarettes



25¢ for 10 Box De Luxe of  
100 - \$2.50

If your dealer cannot supply you write  
Dept. M. V. 1790 Broadway New York  
IN CANADA 38 CATHCART ST. MONTREAL



STETSON

THE Stetson Feature Hat for 1920 distinctly fulfills those qualities of style and workmanship so characteristic of Stetson Hats for half a century. Smart in appearance, with a fine feeling of strength and dignity.

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, Philadelphia.



## The Best Gift

For the Boy or Girl at school or college, includes a subscription to

*Life*

As a preventive of homesickness it is unequalled. A good, hearty laugh each week dissipates the blues. Try it for eight months, \$3.34, or \$2.50 for a half year, or, Obey That Impulse, and for a trial trip, avail yourself of our

### Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40). Send LIFE for twelve issues to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

One Year \$5

Canadian \$5.80

Foreign \$6.60

25



"AREN'T YOU COMING TO CHURCH TO-DAY, HENRY?"  
"NO, DARLING; BUT YOU MIGHT PRAY FOR ME. I'M PLAYING A MATCH WITH JONES THIS MORNING."

### The Liar!

HE showed a little worn-backed book to me.

That volume was his "chief library treasure!"

The fellow had a truthful look to me—  
Appeared to have sincerity past measure.

He said it was Koh-i-noor of books;

His eyes with fervor glittered as he said it.

So, guided by his glowing words and looks,

I took the book and—cut the leaves and read it!

*Strickland Gillilan.*

### The Old-Time Campaign Orator Strikes a Snag

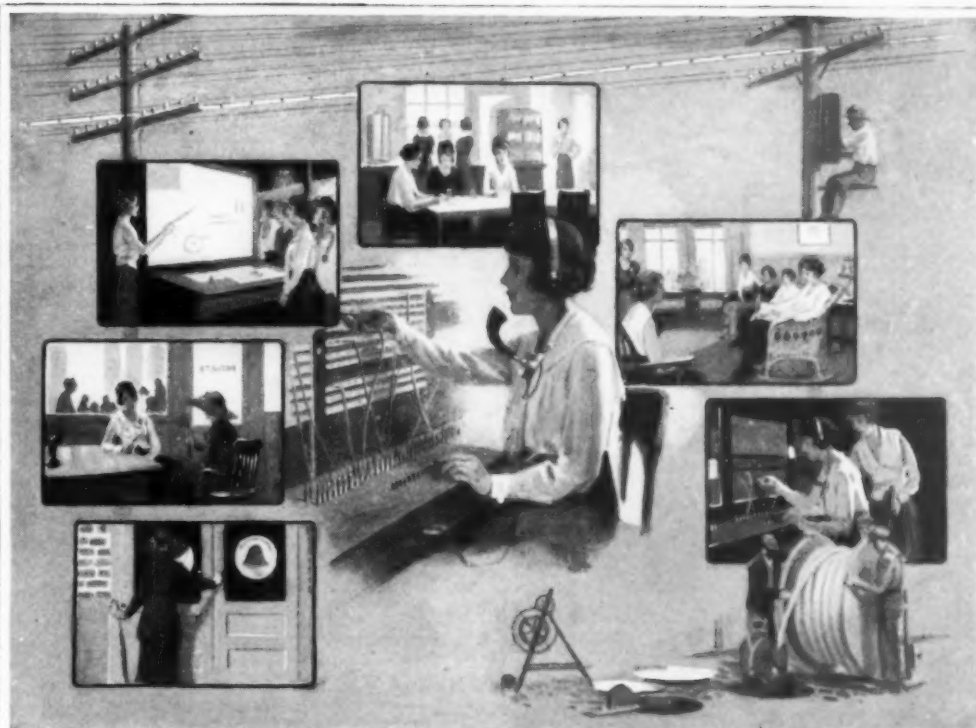
"GENTLEMEN—and, ah, yes, ahem, ladies also, for this year we are all here together as brothers—and sisters—in the party:

"At this election, every citizen—as well as citizenship—means to vote and assert his—or her—rights. For does not our Constitution tell us that all men—and—er—all women, it should add—are created free and equal?

"To quote again, 'Now is the time for all good men—and ladies, of course, also, to be sure, to come to the aid of their party.' An issue is at stake which the great Lincoln mentioned in his Gettysburg address, beginning, 'Fourscore and seven years ago, our forefathers—our forefathers—our foremothers—(coughs violently).

"Yes. This momentous year, posterity is your witness. Your sons—oh, yes, and your daughters, too, are watching the example of the mother that bore them—and father, too, to be sure. A glorious government shall come into power which shall benefit the very babe in arms by molding the conditions that surround his—I mean her—ah, its tender years.

"Personally, I am tied to no man's apron strings. After my late term, every constituent must feel assured in her mind just where I stand, must he not? For



## Training For Service

What science and engineering have done to develop the mechanical efficiency of the telephone, specialized training has done in the development of workers.

Plant engineers, linemen, directory clerks, toll operators, equipment installers, electrolysis engineers, trouble hunters, line repairmen, test table operators, chief operators, contract agents, building engineers, line installers, exchange repairmen, plant inspectors, trouble operators, fundamental plan engineers, draftsmen, estimate clerks, exchange operators, cable testmen, equipment inspec-

tors, wire chiefs, traffic engineers, galvanometer men, cable splicers, facilities engineers, surveyors, information operators, switchboard installers, accountants, testmen, supervisors, station repairmen, equipment engineers, directory operators, statisticians, appraisal engineers, routing operators and scores of other skilled employees are specially trained for the exacting work of providing telephone service.

Throughout all work of telephone construction and operation there is a ceaseless endeavor at mastery of service that makes for improvements beneficial to the public.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

And all directed toward Better Service



the loyal support given me, I thank you, and hope, after this meeting, to shake every one of you by its hand.

"In conclusion, let me urge every voter—and voteress—of you to work for the success of his or her party in this campaign, like the great, big, two-fisted, hardy, virile men (gulp)—and women—you are!"

(The speaker is led off, babbling deliriously, "I, thou, she, he, we, it, they!")





From the lovely  
perfume-laden gardens  
of old France comes

*Fleurs  
d'Amour*  
FLOWERS OF LOVE

Extrait,  
Sachet, Vase, Eau de Toilette,  
Brilliantine Savon, Poudre.

**ROGER & GALLET**  
25 WEST 32<sup>ND</sup> STREET  
NEW YORK

A generous  
sample will  
be sent you  
on receipt  
of 10c.

Creators  
of Rare  
Perfumes  
PARIS



### Comparative Reductions

"Men's clothes twenty per cent. off."  
(Advertisement.)

WOMEN'S clothes about forty-five per  
cent. off. (Result of observation.)

EVERYONE needs a bitter enemy and  
a firm friend. The bitter enemy to  
tell him his faults, and the firm friend to  
tell everybody else.



-hollier

There! Now  
you can see  
the artist's  
signature.

-hollier



## OPTOMETRY



saves sight today for sight tomor-  
row. Optometry is the science of  
fitting glasses to weakened or strained  
eyes.

If you have not had your eyes ex-  
amined lately it will pay you to do  
so now.

If you do not know an Optometrist  
in your locality write this office and  
we will tell you the names of several.  
Also request of us the little Conser-  
vation of Sight booklet. It's gratis.

The emblem of Su-  
perior Optical Service.  
Look for it where you  
obtain your glasses.



Associated  
Optometrists of  
America, Inc.

Home Office, 209 1/2 E. Broad St.  
Richmond, Virginia

## Dental Plates Won't Drop



when sprinkled with Dr.  
Wernet's Powder. If your  
false teeth drop, consult  
your dentist. Dr. Wernet's  
Powder keeps dental  
plates tightly in place.  
Banishes the embarrassment  
of a dental plate that drops  
when you eat, laugh, talk or  
sneeze. Mildly antiseptic,  
pleasant tasting, sweetens the  
breath. Sold by drug and de-  
partment stores. Wernet  
Dental Mfg. Co., 114 Beekman  
Street, New York City.

30c, 60c and \$1.00

**DR. WERNET'S**  
Powder for False Teeth

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

### Are You Too Proud to Vote?

WHAT about those undesirable citizens who stay away from the polls on Election Day? They come under two classifications—the conscientious objectors and the slackers.

The conscientious objectors are withholding their votes as a protest against boss rule in the various parties, thereby playing directly into the hands of those bosses against whom they think they are protesting. They intend to keep out of the election because "politics are too rotten"; but they don't stop to realize that the blame for this rottenness rests solely with themselves.

The slackers don't vote because they are too lazy to do so, or because they have a previous engagement at the County Club. So far as they are concerned, November 2nd is a holiday—and nothing more.

Of the two types, the conscientious objectors naturally have something more to be said in their favor; and yet, in the ultimate analysis, they are just as distinct a liability as the less altruistic slackers.

The man or woman who votes the wrong way is one hundred per cent. more valuable to the community than the man or woman who does not vote at all.

### A Modest Modern Maid

I SAW her at the seashore this summer. She had on one of those skirtless bathing suits.

Then again I saw her in the ballroom. She wore a backless evening gown.

When I returned to the city, I met her on the street. I noted that her hair was done in this new fashion. She wore it combed low down.

It was then that I asked her what was the reason for this new coiffure. Her answer was simple. She said:

"When a woman marries she must have something new to spring on her husband."

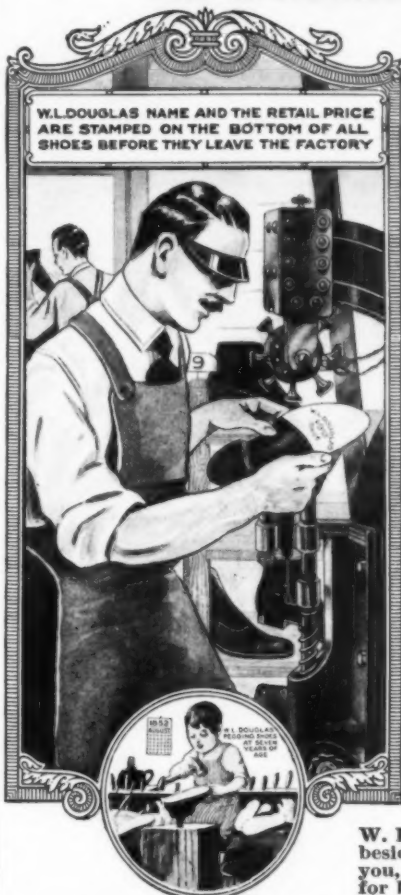
## W. L. Douglas

THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE

**\$7.00 \$8.00 \$9.00 & \$10.00 SHOES**

**FOR MEN AND WOMEN**

**YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES**



**CAUTION.**—Insist upon having W.L. Douglas shoes. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole. Be careful to see that it has not been changed or mutilated.



The best known shoes in the world. They are sold in 107 W. L. Douglas stores, direct from the factory to you at only one profit, which guarantees to you the best shoes that can be produced, at the lowest possible cost. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom of all shoes before they leave the factory, which is your protection against unreasonable profits.

W. L. Douglas \$9.00 and \$10.00 shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. They are made of the best and finest leathers that money can buy. They combine quality, style, workmanship and wearing qualities equal to other makes selling at higher prices. They are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. The stamped price is W. L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them. The prices are the same everywhere; they cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

W. L. Douglas shoes are made by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

W. L. Douglas shoes are for sale by over 9000 shoe dealers besides our own stores. If your local dealer cannot supply you, take no other make. Order direct from factory. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

*W. L. Douglas* President  
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,  
147 Spark Street,  
Brockton, Mass.

Almost every day you'll hear someone say: "I have been using this Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen for over 10 years." Some will say 15 or 20. How long have you used yours?"



Sister: THAT'S WHAT YE'LL GROW UP TO BE, OSCAR, IF YE DON'T STOP COMPLAININ' ABOUT HAVIN' YER FACE WASHED!



## LITTLE CONVERSATIONS

Buck: WE GOT A NEW BABY DOWN TO OUR HOUSE.

Peanut: WHO BRUNG IT?

Buck: DOCTOR M'GOWAN BRUNG IT.

Peanut: WE TAKE FROM HIM TOO.

*Unhealthy gums denoted  
by tenderness and bleeding*



UNHEALTHY soil kills the best of wheat. Unhealthy gums kill the best of teeth. To keep the teeth sound keep the gums well. Watch for tender and bleeding gums. This is a symptom of Pyorrhea, which afflicts four out of five people over forty.

Pyorrhea menaces the body as well as the teeth. Not only do the gums recede and cause the teeth to decay, loosen and fall out, but the infecting Pyorrhea germs lower the body's vitality and cause many serious ills.

To avoid Pyorrhea, visit your dentist frequently for tooth and gum inspection. And use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Can.

FORHAN CO.  
New York

Forhan's, Ltd.  
Montreal

# Herbert Tareyton London Smoking Mixture



Theres something  
about it you'll like

At your Dealers or Sample on request  
Fack Tobacco Co. Inc. 1790 Broadway New York

Popular Size  
50¢  
Also packed in  
half pound and  
pound tins



## Hoards

AN aged bibliomaniac,  
He stoppeth one of three;

"I seek for ancient magazines

To fill my sets," quoth he.

"I've hunted high, I've hunted low  
At bookstores second-hand,  
I've tried the men who peddle junk,  
But nowhere in the land

"Can I find trace of what I need  
To make my sets complete.  
My search for periodicals  
Seems doomed to meet defeat."

"What ho!! What ho! You aged man,"  
The stranger then replied,  
"Go forth, go forth as I direct,  
And do not turn aside.

"Go, seek the dentist's waiting-room,  
The doctor's office, too,  
And on their tables shall ye find  
The stuff ye have in view!

"Ye shall find *Godey's Lady's Book*  
Of 1817,  
And *Golden Hours* and *Lippincott's*  
And *Swinton's Magazine*.

"Ye'll find the *New York Ledger* there  
And *Puck* of '94,  
With all the musty almanacs  
From centuries of yore.

"So go and loot those waiting-rooms—  
I'm giving you the hint—  
And you shall find whatever is  
Completely out of print."

The old man did as he was bid;  
He filled his sets, and then  
He sold the rest of what he found  
To junk and garbage-men.

This made him rich. But dentist folk  
And doctors gazed upon  
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That anything was gone!

Berton Braley.

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Mamma, I wanna ask papa a question.

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### My Thanatopsis

WHICH is the kinder: so to live that when Life, with its griefs and joys, we leave behind, Those whom we bid farewell shall mourn for us, With bitter tears recount our noble traits, And weep for us, and will not be consoled? Or, is it better so to live that when We come to die, they'll mourn with outward signs, But in their hearts shall find a lasting joy That we are gone, and trouble them no more!

Francis R. Conner.



### An Opinion

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE—Sir: I have been a persistent and consistent reader of LIFE for thirty years.

The number of September 23rd seems to me the flattest and most uninteresting for a decade, both in text and illustrations.

Is it a fair sample of what that glorious army of "writers and artists" can do?

Oh, brace up!

Yours to be cheered,

C. E. DICKINSON.

Los Angeles, Sept. 22, 1920.

### "Laughter"

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE—Sir: May I be permitted to congratulate you on your magazine as the only English-language publication where one may be sure of finding an evening of laughter?

C. C. NICOLET.

Lawrence, Kansas, Sept. 24, 1920.

### Wanted—A Good Novel

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE—Sir: Some time ago you recommended Howells as a good novelist. Thereupon I bought some books of his, and have had many pleasant hours by them.

Would you be kind enough to recommend me some other authors with his mocking and amusing kind of writing and brilliant style?

"Thanking you in advance," I am

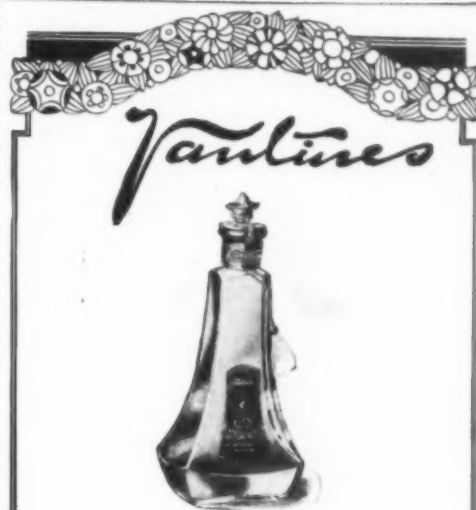
Yours truly,

DR. BECKER.

Keyport, N. J., Sept. 27, 1920.



WHY BINKS OPENED HIS CUTOUT



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### The Latest Books

(Continued from page 729)

the story of a marriage that leads to an English divorce court where, however—No, no! We'd be giving it all away!

In Arthur J. Rees's *The Hand in the Dark* (Lane) some of the characters are left at loose ends, but that's only because there are so many clues to be gathered up. They all are, and they lead plumb to an unguessable dénouement.

The introduction to Marguerite Wilkins's *Bluestone and Other Poems* (Macmillan), has given us an idea: Perhaps free verse is only an effort to import into poetry the rhythmical richness of music. We liked the first two poems of this book unstintedly and far more than any of the several dozen others.

There is nothing in the Volstead act prohibiting the sale of Theodore Maynard's *A Tankard of Ale: An Anthology of Drinking Songs* (McBride), but spending an evening with it is like a night at the Mermaid Tavern. Truly, a thirstifying book!

"Take me somewhere south of Suez," etc. But if the thirst you go thither to raise is one for information, William Ashley Anderson's *South of Suez* (McBride) will be no good, except for three chapters describing a civil war in Abyssinia. They have novelty.

Maybe you read last year *The Journal of a Disappointed Man* (Doran), by "W. N. P. Barbellion" and became one of the number who swore it was by H. G. Wells. Wrong. "Barbellion" was Bruce Frederick Cummings, since dead. *Enjoying Life and Other Literary Remains* (Doran) is the only other volume we shall have from that pen. Chiefly it consists of essays, partly on subjects related to natural history—for Cummings was a zoologist of the British Museum staff.

Don Cameron Shafer's *Barent Creighton* (Knopf) is a romance-adventure yarn of the New York of the 1830's, when landlords and tenants tarred and feathered each other in the great Anti-Rent War. Ah, the good old days! But what we enjoyed best in the book was the exclamation, "Hellithoot!" (page 25).

*Mac of Placid* (Century), by T. Morris Longstreth, is the story of an Adirondacker as told by himself, a fine, moving novel that has some of the air of the mountains in it. Robert Louis Stevenson, who spent a winter North you'll remember, is one of the characters.

Grant M. Overton.



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### STUDENTS



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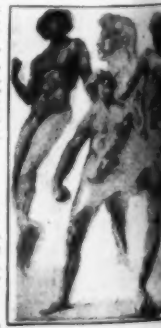
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